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TEN CENTS A COPY

The Young Olympian, by Lewis Mumford, on page 514

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Futility

IT is surprising that no one has taken Futility as the title of a book except an author who chose it as a symbol of Russians in exile; for as a theme it has been the pet of the curled darlings of modernistic literature. We have, indeed, come close to adding one more plot to the world's scanty stock —the youth engages the world, is stripped of its illusions—and embraces futility. That life is futile is the theme of many modern novels, from "Dusty Answer" to Aldous Huxley's "Point Counterpoint," and as many poems from Eliot's "Waste-Land" on; and this is a different futility from Dostoievsky's for it is not life in the world, life for gain, but life as such that is meant. To be futile is now regarded in some intellectual circles as a status, a terminal, and a justification.

There is something very queer in all this. Creative literature in the great urban centers—London and Paris and Berlin—and much of the critical literature of New York, has all the signs of decadence upon it. It is querulous even when most witty, seeks out by preference the dark and often dirty corners of experience, which are made to seem abnormal by being bathed in light, quarrels contemptuously with idealism and all controlled purpose, despairs of any worthy future while immensely enjoying the hypocrisies and inconsistencies of a contemptible present.

Historically this is painfully familiar. But decadent writers have usually practised in times where energy in general was clearly decadent. And even so they have not been so utterly scornful of their contemporaries. They have berated and deplored, but they did not usually include themselves in the indictment, or, if so, only in a mood of self-effacement, crying *mea culpa*. They did not embrace futility.

The explanation that the super-civilized are suffering from a poignant sense of inferiority is perhaps too obvious to be altogether true. The things that they value do not march—or march backward. The ends as opposed to the means of living are recessive, they think, or actually in retreat. So the reformer turns individualist and drops his enthusiasms, the idealist is routed by the realist who proves that the higher men fly the further they fall. The critic asserts that the morality of beasts is better than the morality of missionaries because it is more honest. The sum of the intellectualist's labors is to free himself from all inhibitions, prejudices, and principles and stand still scornfully rather than take a step in the dark. Futility becomes a philosophy.

And meantime the extraverts, the men of action, function with an energy never before surpassed. They make the earth sanitary, carry the voice over continents, distribute comfortable living, make two blades of wheat grow where one blade of grass grew before, plan a world as new economically as mass production. To what end, and with what assurance of complete success, who knows? But they are accomplishing, they are remaking the visible world, they are leaving marks of their endeavor as mighty as the Roman monuments and as indicative of human progress as Greek sculpture or Italian painting. And the writers, who twist and turn at the spectacle of a society rushing ahead with no terminal except more wealth, more comfort, more power over nature, are impressed against their will with a bitter sense of inferiority. The world moves: they stand and wait.

But is it not superiority that is responsible for the bitter futility of the intellectuals? They have gi all they want out of the scientific revolution, and it is not enough. They are convinced that the engineers of prosperity are building a Tower of Babel without mortar or straw. The greater the achievement, the greater the scorn. And as it is impossible to halt machine prosperity, or to make the engineers, industrialists, and financiers doubtful of their own achievements, they offer themselves as vicarious sacrifices. If the others will not see their own futility, the intellectual will be futile for them. He will

(*Continued on page* 513)

The Heart Recovers

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HERE, at the end of Spring, when earth was turning
Back to the order of its ways,
A stream, so long hemmed in, rose without warning
And tore
Through this abandoned place.

Nothing could stem the irresponsible current.
Barriers, the solid build of years,
Went down before the flood as though they weren't.
And all
Was as it now appears.

Nothing remains but bowlders and the wasted
Stream that is summer-drained and thin.
And only trunks of trees and something blasted,
And death
Show where the flood has been.

And then . . .

This Week

"The Intimate Papers of Colonel House."
Reviewed by ALLYN YOUNG.

"Weather."
Reviewed by ALEXANDER MCADIE.

"The Oxford Book of Carols."
Reviewed by EDWARD BLISS REED.

"Elizabeth and Essex."
Reviewed by R. B. MERRIMAN.

"American Criticism."
Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN.

"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea or David Copperfield."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Thoughts at the Bottom of a Mug of Cider.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Abbé Pierre's People."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.

"The Men of Silence."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

Next Week, or Later

A Sermon on Style
By HENRY S. CANBY.

Colonel House*

By ALLYN A. YOUNG
Member of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace

"IT is easy," Professor Seymour observes, "to dramatize the difference between the American and the European point of view regarding the peace settlement." He means, of course, that it is easy to gain a "picturesque heightening of contrasts," to put too much emphasis upon clashes of personality, and to interpret in terms of plot and strategy the honest efforts of men to find a way through a series of difficult problems. No degree of moderation in its telling, however, can prevent the story which is unfolded in these two volumes from being profoundly and movingly dramatic. Beginning with the first efforts to discern what fruit other than new apples of discord could be garnered from a military victory and what enduring values American participation in the war could be made to serve, it moves on with the account of the formulating of the American program, through the period of the partial ascendency of that program, to the end in partial frustration at Paris and wreckage at Washington. It has all of the elements of tragedy, except that one cannot be sure that the Fates were relentless, not merely capricious.

As for Paris, in a memorandum written in April of this year, Colonel House reaffirms his belief that a preliminary peace should have been made soon after the Armistice. That the United States would have been in a stronger position at the negotiations and that Wilson would have been in a stronger position at Washington is probable. That, as House believes, the opportunity was lost "when the British and French sought the impossible, in their demand that Germany should pay the entire cost of the war," is not so clear. A blank check would have cut quite as respectable a figure in a preliminary treaty as it did in the final settlement. Nor would it have been any worse than a naming of the amount ($30,000,000,000) which Colonel House himself would have accepted as a just sum. This figure is more than twice as large as any amount which could be justified by any careful estimate of Germany's capacity to pay which was available to Colonel House and his advisors at Paris. His $30,000,000,000 was no better than the figure of $120,000,000,000 for which Mr. Lloyd George had a passing fondness. One impossibility is as good as another.

* * *

As for Washington, there are the two letters which House wrote to Wilson in the last week of November, 1919, advising a particular policy in respect of whatever reservations the Senate would insist upon attaching to the Treaty. Wiser counsel was never given to a statesman. Surmises as to how far the subsequent course of events would have been different if that counsel had been followed are as inevitable as they are fruitless. Wilson did not reply. Possibly he never saw the letters. It may be that some principle of selection (the editor explains that technical papers and memoranda have mostly been omitted) is responsible for the way in which this single theme—the peace, what it might have been, what it was, and how it was made—dominates these volumes. But it is clear that from the beginning the problems of the peace weighed heavily upon House and that the final outcome, of which he was an impotent spectator, must have been a galling

* THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE. Arranged as a narrative by CHARLES SEYMOUR. Vol. III. Into the World War; Vol. IV. The Ending of the War. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $10.

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disappointment to him. There is no bitterness, however, anywhere in the papers here printed.

Indeed, the general tone of the narrative background which the editor has provided, as well as the character of the papers themselves, will be disappointing to any who have been hoping that a battle of the memoirs, after the German post-war fashion, would develop in America. Professor Seymour, it is true, marshals evidence which appears to dispose effectively of the canard (which Ray Stannard Baker and, more recently, Karl Nowak have helped to keep alive) that there were intrigues against Wilson and the League, to which House was a party, during Wilson's absence from Paris. In the same way, however, evidence is marshaled which ought to dispose finally of the lingering belief, cherished by some of Wilson's enemies, but always absurd on its face, that France and England agreed reluctantly to the Armistice and only because of pressure put upon them by Wilson. In short, while there is a laudable desire to correct and perfect the historical record, there is no discernible animus against any of the important participants in the events which are recorded. In one important particular Professor Seymour has done better in these new volumes than in the earlier two. In the earlier volumes there was some excusable, but wholly unnecessary emphasis upon the importance and value of House's activities. The editor's commentary and House's papers were so knit together that the net effect was like an italicizing of words which seemed to come from House, so that he was made to appear as a rather vain and self-complacent person. Some men can display a normal amount of human vanity without either disappointing their admirers or comforting their enemies, but House could not, for a consistent and almost morbid seeking for self-effacement had come to be generally thought of as one of his identifying attributes. In the new volumes the editor's explanations and amplifications, always carefully and competently done, as before, are fitted in more unobtrusively. Against this more nearly neutral background House's papers reveal him as a man to whom the important part which he had to play was not distasteful and who in the ordinary human way found pleasure in [illegible]uccesses, but equally as one who worked unself[illegible] and devotedly. It may be that the slightly [illegible]ncerting effect to which I have alluded may [illegible]y be merely an inevitable result of the publishing of these papers. It is as though a veiled prophet had permitted photographs of himself, taken without the veil, to be distributed. Those who do not want to be altogether cheated of the legendary Colonel House will relish his own comment upon a conference he had with the Japanese Ambassador in May, 1917. "The calmness, the poise, and the placidity of this conference delighted me. We were both as expressionless as graven images, and there was no raising of voices or undue emphasis upon any subject, no matter how important."

* * *

During these difficult years, and nearly up to the end, the relations between House and Wilson were characterized by loyalty and genuine admiration on the one side and by equally genuine confidence and esteem on the other. Because the papers are one-sided, however, the reader has to be on his guard against overestimating the degree of influence, large as it undoubtedly was, which House had upon Wilson. Because, like every other man, House lived mostly with his own thoughts, because he took his thoughts to Wilson and recorded what the outcome was, the impression is inevitably given that Wilson not only profited by House's counsels (as he undoubtedly did) but that he was in a measure under House's tutelage. House made his own orbit, and it touched only a segment of Wilson's larger circle of problems and activities. But it was an important segment, and within its range House's influence was deservedly large. There was a good deal of give and take, however. There were occasions when House became convinced that with respect to some particular matter Wilson's judgment was better than his own, just as there were many occasions when Wilson took over House's suggestions and acted upon them. Their real disagreements, so far as this record reveals them, were mostly about tactics rather than policies, and in respect of such matters House was generally right. Thus he regretted Wilson's partisan appeal in the congressional elections of 1918, he thought Paris the wrong place for the peace conference, he urged that Republicans like Root or Taft should be members of the peace commission, he counseled a different manner of dealing with the Senate when it had the Treaty before it. House's advice at these points, if it had been sought or followed, would have saved Wilson from his major political errors. Wilson knew how to kindle enthusiasms. House know better how to make one's way against opposition.

I do not see how anyone who goes through these papers thoughtfully can come to any other conclusions than that the unique position which House held as Wilson's personal representative and as his medium of informal communication with the men who were directing the policies of the Allies was abundantly justified, both by the necessities of the situation and by the results which House achieved. The situation demanded directness, candor, tact, and so much of mutual understanding as was humanly possible. House had directness, candor, tact, and a quick and sympathetic appreciation of another's point of view. He showed a rare capacity, too, for knowing what matters should be turned over to others to deal with and what he should deal with himself. He reached the zenith of his achievements when he induced the Allies to agree that the Fourteen Points should be among the conditions of the Armistice, even though he had to accept a reservation with respect to the Freedom of the Seas, a point particularly dear to him. He had to contend with apathy and with definite opposition, but he handled the situation skilfully, going so far at one time as to suggest the possibility of a separate American peace with Germany. Helped by Wilson's prestige in Europe even more than by the Allies's financial dependence upon America, he scored as notable a victory as any American negotiator has ever achieved.

At the Peace Conference he found himself in an even more difficult position. He was largely responsible for such degree of organization as the American delegation achieved. He did all that he could to take burdens off Wilson's shoulders and to keep a series of apparently insoluble problems moving towards a final solution. But it is not easy to be one of five plenipotentiaries and to continue to be a President's personal representative, particularly when the President himself is one of the five. I do not think that the material here made available gives a sufficient basis for a final judgment respecting the part which Colonel House played at Paris. What it does give, taking the two volumes as a whole, is a picture of some of the major problems attending America's participation in the war and in the formulating of terms of peace, as seen from a unique point of vantage by a man who saw clearly, understandingly, and always without smallness.

Weather Conditions

WEATHER. By E. E. Free and Travis Hoke. With Maps and Drawings by Elise Seeds. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by Alexander McAdie
Blue Hill Observatory

THIS book is worth the price asked; and as will be shown later is just the kind of book the average business man should own and read. Nor will reading be in the nature of a task but rather an enjoyment, because one (if not indeed both) of the authors is an expert at popularizing science. It is not a text book nor do we feel like recommending it for classroom work where exactness in statement is insisted upon; but it has a very real appeal to grown-ups who have their own ideas as to what they like to study. It happens that the reviewer has had in his official position rare opportunities to come in contact with various phases of industry and human activity outside and beyond physical laboratory, classroom, and bureau routine. Therefore he knows the almost pathetic eagerness of busy managers to ascertain if possible what lies ahead in weather conditions affecting their interests.

This book meets that present need very well; and as it is up to date, enables the live business man to get much more out of the daily weather map than his competitor who has not thus posted himself. The preface telling in less than ten lines the purpose of the book, is so characteristic that it deserves to be given at length. There was no logical plan, so the authors say, but they simply bored and pestered all their friends and acquaintances (and even casual by-standers) with a delightful disregard of possible consequences, compelling these to stand and say what in their opinion was most needed in order to comprehend the vagaries of weather! This throws some light on the choice of their sub-title: Practical, Dramatic, and Spectacular Facts about a little Studied Subject. But the book itself shows what a vast amount of effort has been made in studying the structure and functional operations of this great thermal engine, our atmosphere.

Some notion of the breezy style employed by the authors can be obtained from paragraphs like the following:

> Sniffing a breeze off the sea, nine people out of ten murmur something about the delicious smell of the ozone, and allege further that nature is grand or words to that effect. Unfortunately for romance it is not ozone that they smell. What the breeze brings them is delicate whiffs of seaweed, fish, clams, and other shore dinner constituents in a definitely deceased condition.

And thus we are robbed of one sweet consolation when we walk the beach—our good old standby, the revivifying perfumed breath of old ocean. It is no more. Nevertheless the truth is the truth and as a matter of fact if we want to smell ozone in the free air we must go up, up, up—in the air, far beyond the highest cloud levels, with the single exception that a vivid lightning flash, close at hand, will activate the ordinary two atom oxygen into three atom ozone. Not inaptly do our authors liken oxygen and ozone to old fashioned plug and a fine blend of smoking tobacco.

* * *

Speaking of "cracker barrel" weather sharps who can always tell of former spells when all Nature either "het up" or "friz up" beyond current conditions, our authors say:

> Irreverent scientists who keep records of the weather do not agree with them. They go back as far as 1780 in order to disagree. In that year some old meany hung up a thermometer at New Haven, Connecticut, and began to keep records that have been kept ever since. Almost a hundred years later, General Greely came back from Greenland so full of anecdotes about the copious weather he found there, that the Army put on a weather service which became the United States Weather Bureau.

Hardly a word of this is correct. The old meany who hung up a thermometer was the leading scientific mind of his day at Yale, for thermometers were then costly and not the commonplaces of today. The Army Signal Service of which the present Weather Bureau is the direct descendant, dates back to 1870 and General Greely went to Lady Franklin Bay as one of the representatives of this Government in an international circumpolar organization. In 1890, while General Greely was still Chief Signal Officer of the Army, the weather work was transferred to the Department of Agriculture with a civilian in charge, the General remaining at the head of the Signal Corps of the Army. Incidentally there is no reference to the work of Professor Hobbs in Greenland, and the formation of a glacial anticyclone which he regards as the key unlocking seasonal conditions over the North Atlantic.

As this book deals with weather which directly affects man in his daily goings, one would expect to find a rather full chapter on Atmospheric Structure, particularly with reference to the lower strata, or the air between the ground and the topmost clouds —the troposphere. But the word does not even appear and the authors lost a fine illustration of the dramatic in science by omitting the thrilling story of the discovery of the double shell character of the gas envelope of the earth, discovered by Leon Teisserenc de Bort and A. Lawrence Rotch. Neither name appears in the book, yet this discovery of the dual airspheres is the greatest achievement man has yet made in the study of the air. The sketch opposite page 270, illustrating the upper air where aviators dream of traveling, could be deleted with profit.

* * *

In chapter IX on Lightning's Mysteries, we think the estimates of wattage are rather extravagant. It is stated that it is not unusual for a flash to carry power at the rate of 50,000,000 kilowatts which is about twice the total power-generating capacity of all the power houses in the United States. If all the sparks that could be drawn from all the dynamos in the United States were put together it would make only a half size flash of lightning. On the contrary the energy of an average flash of lightning is by no means enormous. In the June, 1928, issue of the *Monthly Weather Review*, many competent authorities estimate this energy all the way from 3 to 10 kilowatt hours. In fact the energy of an average flash would not suffice to run ten ordinary electric toasters (300 watts) for ten hours.

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Carols and Songs

THE OXFORD BOOK OF CAROLS. By PERCY DEARMER, R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, and MARTIN SHAW. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD BLISS REED
Yale University

THIS is the most interesting, the most inclusive, the most useful collection of carols that has yet appeared; and its editors and the Oxford Press are to be congratulated upon it. Here are two hundred carols with their music, so skilfully and simply arranged that with the exception of a few of the modern ones, they may be sung almost at sight by any person possessing a modicum of musical training. The words are interesting; the melodies and harmonies are attractive and satisfying—they will wear well—and at a time when books are becoming something of a luxury, this volume is the best bargain in carols we have ever seen. There is even a cheaper edition containing only the words and the brief notes upon the carols. These notes are one of the best features of the book, for they state very concisely the sources of the texts and the music, and at times tell something of the history of the carols. They have been prepared with great care, and but one mistake has been noticed in them: The melody for the Boar's Head carol is not given in Wynkyn de Worde's "Christmasse Carolles," 1521, of which but one leaf remains. Even in the next century music was not printed in English carol collections; the names of the tunes were indicated, and one sang by ear and made up his own harmonies.

"The Oxford Book of Carols" is eminently a collection made to be sung, and Dr. Dearmer has proved and justified his assertion that carols should be heard not at Christmas week only but all through the year, as in the old days. Naturally the carols for Christmas are the most numerous by far, yet here are carols for Lent, for summer, for harvesttide, for many occasions. There are wassail songs, and carols of simple, unaffected piety, breathing the very spirit of devotion; there are carols that tell a story and carols, as the editor suggests, that might well be acted. Their range is remarkably wide and there is something to be found for many moods and for many tastes.

The collection opens, naturally enough, with a group of seventy-two traditional British carols which still have "their proper tunes." Here are of course the old and tried favorites—"God rest you merry, Gentlemen," "The First Nowell," "The Cherry Tree Carol," and the like—but there are many others that are unfamiliar and that deserve to be widely sung. There is a Cornish carol; Dr. Flood has contributed two Irish carols, and there are four Welsh ones. In point of time they range from the fourteenth century "Angelus ad Virgine" which Chaucer mentions, the carol of the Nuns of Chester, early fifteenth century, and the Coventry carol, early sixteenth century, to "Down in yon Forest," and "On Christmas Night," two traditional carols discovered in our own time by Vaughan Williams, and two of the finest in this whole collection.

Following the section of British carols are forty-one foreign carols with their proper melodies, and after these, a section of old carol melodies with words that did not originally belong to them, and many of these melodies are foreign ones. Here we cannot agree with the editors. Certainly, as Dr. Dearmer points out, the work of selection is an arduous and difficult one, and there will always be differences of opinion. He writes: "From the great body of foreign carols it has been our task to discover as far as we could the finest tunes, selecting only those which for beauty and distinction seemed to belong to all mankind." There are indeed many of the finest tunes here, and yet there are curious omissions. Among the twenty-three German carols, Gruber's "Stille Nacht" might find a place, even though some persons consider it sentimental. In an appendix, Dr. Dearmer has arranged the carols for use throughout the year and has designated several as suitable for use in processions. Surely among them should have been Domergue's "March des Rois," which this book might have included, for it is one of the best Provençal carols. In a collection that rightly emphasizes the carol spirit of joy, some little place among the foreign carols should have been found for Nicholas Saboly. Nothing in this book is gayer than his "Touro-Louro-Louro" which has pleased many American audiences, and we would have gladly spared some of the rather commonplace airs printed here for Saboly's "Per noun langui." We would place among the finest ten old French carols, "Au Saint Nau," but it is not in these pages. There are three Spanish and Basque carols, but "Oi Betleém," one of the finest carols in any language, is not among them. It is perhaps ungracious to complain of the editor's choice when he has given such an abundance of good things, yet in all candor we must point out that the selection of foreign carols is open to criticism.

Having chosen a foreign carol, one should retain the original words, translating them as closely as possible, yet always remembering the musical accent and realizing that a translation may be a good poem but a very poor song. Unfortunately in this book new words that do not fit the spirit of the air are at times "adapted" to the tunes; and in at least two cases the original text is quite altered and even sentimentalized. qually hard to reconcile is the changing of the spirit of the old carol words.

The closing sections of the book contain traditional carols set to modern tunes, and carols modern in both words and music; and thus in this volume we

run the whole gamut from our earliest to our latest Christmas songs. These modern carols are unusually interesting. For foreign composers we have Tschaikovsky, Brahms, and Cornelius; while Rutland Boughton, Peter Warlock, Martin Shaw, Gustav Holst, and Vaughan Williams are represented by some of their best writing. This section alone would justify the whole book. And so at this Christmas season we recommend most heartily the "Oxford Book of Carols" to anyone who loves a good melody and who wishes (to end with a phrase from "The Praise of Christmas"),

with carols and songs,
To drive the cold winter away.

Futility

(*Continued from page 509*)

put on mourning while the city rejoices. For he will not believe that his contemporaries can work at their affairs, love their wives, be solicitous for their children, and be honest in so doing. They must know that in times like these both effort and instinct are futile!

Thus one of those mighty generalizations with which Spengler binds together the pages of his "Decline of the Western World" seems to be disproved. It is clear that the sophisticated literature of futility in this day is not (as Spengler would have all manifestations to be) harmonious with the dynamic ideas which in this Age and Culture have displayed such immense energy. It is a reaction to dynamism, but that is begging the question. The futilitarians date, not with the entrepreneurs, the engineers, and the industrialists, but in another epoch when the chemist will say, What's the use! and retire to some twenty-first century equivalent of a monastery, and the bank president will dissolve his trust company and take to shoe cobbling as an occupation of certain worth and necessity.

Futility is not a philosophy, it is a state of mind. It is a symptom not an explanation. And our futilitarians, who are often honest, and still more often brilliant, merely reflect a maladjustment in the modern world in which *having*, thanks to science, has been extended beyond the dreams of the most possessive, while *being* has been left, in spite of the warnings of the psychologists, largely to take care of itself.

Brilliant Biography

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX; A TRAGIC HISTORY. By LYTTON STRACHEY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $3.75.

Reviewed by R. B. MERRIMAN
Harvard University

IT goes without saying that Mr. Strachey's latest book, like everything else that he has written, is thrillingly interesting. He has a fascinating style, and is a past master of the art of vivid characterization. He makes his reader feel that he is actually living among the Elizabethans and participating in all the vicissitudes and triumphs of the greatest period of the annals of England. And the subject he has chosen—the story of the meteoric rise and fall of the last, and in some respects the most brilliant of the Queen's favorites—takes him to the heart of nearly all of the most momentous issues of the time. The question—if there still be one—of Elizabeth's moral character, is, happily, not here involved; the "ambiguous years" had already passed, when Essex at the age of twenty became the intimate of the Queen at fifty-three; the story of their relations is interwoven with the issues of peace and war, with the clash of religious parties and economic creeds, with the rivalries and jealousies of the members of the Privy Council. But the personal side of the tale is what really interests Mr. Strachey, and national affairs are introduced largely as a means of furnishing a background for it. We have never seen anything better, of the kind, than the pictures that he has drawn of Elizabeth, of Essex, of the Secretary, Sir Robert Cecil, and, last but not least, of Francis Bacon.

On the other hand, we cannot feel equally convinced that Mr. Strachey's latest effort is at all points good history; it is not comparable in this respect with his "Queen Victoria." He does not know his sixteenth century as he does his nineteenth—the omissions in his bibliography proclaim as much; and he jumps at conclusions, which though they add to the brilliancy of the scene he depicts, are not always warranted by the facts. We cannot believe, for instance, that Essex's insubordination is to be regarded as a final flareup of "the spirit of ancient feudalism." The Earl may indeed have been descended "from all the great houses of medieval England," but the family name of Devereux had scarcely—save for one gallant soldier who won renown on the battlefields of the Hundred Years' War—been even heard of before Tudor times. We incline to the more orthodox view that the last outbreak of the medieval baronage was the rebellion of the Earls in 1569; and should prefer to regard the career of Essex simply as proving that even the new Tudor nobility could not be kept permanently loyal to the Crown which had endowed them—as a foreshadowing, in fact, of the rôle that so many of them were to play in the seventeenth century.

There are also a number of minor errors—most of them, it would appear, the result of careless proofreading; "Sicily" for "Scilly" (p. 149) is a case in point. And finally, there is observable throughout the book a tendency to introduce irrelevant stories as a means of adding to the picturesqueness of the narrative. The tale—not too accurately told—of the escape of Antonio Perez from the clutches of the Holy Inquisition is a typical instance; and when, oh! when, will sixteenth century historians stop talking about the "eyes of the Princess of Eboli?" On the other hand, there is one dramatic incident which it would have seemed natural to include, but which Mr. Strachey, curiously enough, has elected to omit—namely the tale of the solemn warning from the Queen to that embryo conspirator, the Maréchal de Biron, when she took him, eight months after the execution of Essex, on a tour of inspection of the Tower of London, and suddenly directing his gaze out of a window, confronted him with the head of her quondam favorite, stuck on the end of a pike, and rotting in the wind and the rain.

But we hasten to add that we trust these strictures will not deter any one from buying and reading Mr. Strachey's really brilliant work. It is an axiom, often ignored, that history should always be written to be read; readability and historical accuracy too seldom coincide. If one is faced with the sad necessity of choosing between the two, one is tempted inevitably to elect the former; and those who decide to peruse Mr. Strachey's latest product on that principle, may rest assured that, with suitable reservations, they will be richly rewarded for their pains.

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Apparition Out of Academe

AMERICAN CRITICISM. By NORMAN FOERSTER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

THE thought I had when I came to the end of this solid and finished book was: "Some ghosts are never laid. Having lost the body of life in the world where spirit makes a difference, they take up their habitations in the academic shades and from that limbo of dead things unforgotten they sometimes venture out to haunt the ways and works of men in flesh." Such a ghost, I felt, rides Mr. Foerster's book. He describes it as a "critical analysis of the literary creeds that have been most impressively set forth in this country," but he calls it "American Criticism." One begins by wondering why. He could not be less than thoroughly aware that criticism is a practice of mediation, carried on by presumably competent persons, between works of art and the public to which they are offered—the critic is the middleman of the fine arts—and that a study of criticism in America would be a study of the origins, growth, activities, and consequences of such mediation here and hereabouts.

He could not be less than thoroughly aware that analysis of the literary creeds of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, and Whitman is not such a study, not a study of criticism at all. We do not know these four worthies as critics, we know them as poets and thinkers. Tradition reckons them as creators, not mediators; with Shelley and Browning and Swinburne and Shaw, not with Arnold and Ruskin. Their literary creeds are reflections of their own practice, but by no means define the changes and chances of criticism in the United States. Mr. Foerster's exposition of them is full, detailed, and clear: he has that abundant familiarity with his worthies which years of mediation between them and college classes inevitably bring, and his deliverances are spirited and well-mannered; he writes with a distinction not usual in American academies; but that is all. His familiarity strikes me as being without insight, like the familiarity of an old skilled cook with the cuts of a beef and no sense of its life, so that his book appears as an ordering of externals and details, using all the expository devices of the classroom, the skilful repetitions, and the masterly summaries in italics, but not a sensitive empathy of the central life. I do not receive from Mr. Foerster's smooth, skilful, somewhat didactic exposition any sense that he has grasped an organic vision uttering a living soul.

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The cause, I think, is the ghost that rides Mr. Foerster's book. It makes him point a moral and thereby blur personality. It turns him to judgment against understanding, as in a court of law. Guilty; he says, not guilty; in the light of a commandment delivered from beyond, after the manner of Hamlet's father. The ghost that so rides Mr. Foerster is a holy ghost, and his book is in effect a preaching of it. Consequently its exposition is with exposure all mixed up; he sets out to analyze creeds, but actually condemns heresies. This, of course, is not Mr. Foerster's fault, nor is it a fault at all. I record it because it makes difficulties for me: I feel the text constantly pointing two ways, and one is dark and eerie. Now as a rule, ghosts do not disturb me. When I know who they are and what they are about, then, even if they are invisible, I am at ease in their presence. When their invisibility is made provocative by anonymity and I feel them working—well, frankly, I'd rather not. If only Mr. Foerster had proclaimed his Holy Ghost in the first chapter instead of the last!

For in the last chapter one learns why his book is what it is. It comes out that he is an adherent to a critical sect who own a creed they call Humanism. The members of this sect seem to be practically without exception college professors, and their chief hierophants are Irving Babbitt, a professor at Harvard, and Paul Elmer More, a professor at Princeton. As Mr. Foerster reports it, the Humanism of these gentlemen is made to contrast sharply with romanticism (which, he says, dominated Poe and Emerson and Lowell and Whitman), and realism and "naturism" (which, he says, dominate the twentieth century). Where romanticism is all desire without discipline, and the other two all multiplicity and appearance and degradation without unity or standards, Humanism is "a standard of values" to which man is free to conform or not; a system of ideals such as Plato set forth, to be apprehended not after the manner of science, but imaginatively and intuitively. It envisages a universal, complete, perfect Human whence flows whatever excellence our poor, chaotic, and variegated world may possess.

* * *

In the light of this Humanism, all that is modern is also deficient. The past is the very stuff of what we are to-day, yet the romanticists are in blind revolt against it; realists and "naturists" want to cut us off from it—that is, from its remoter, more important parts. They are isolationists demanding a unique, self-grown national genius unrooted in past experience. They think that a national soul can be asserted, whereas it must assert itself. "While it would be interesting for us to be Americans," Mr. Foerster declares, "it is far more important for us to be human, and that while we cannot know how to become American, we can know reasonably well how to become human." Independence of the past is a delusion, yet the moderns, when they do look back, look back only three hundred years, whereas they ought to look back to Plato.

Why to Plato and not to Democritus, or to Greece and not to Egypt or Assyria, Mr. Foerster does not say. The choice is arbitrary, as I see it, and lies altogether in the accident that Messrs. Babbitt and More, having been educated as they have, happen to find in Plato's superstitious and by no means unambiguous formulæ the most convenient symbols for their state of out-of-sorts with the workaday world. Whether Plato or the Greeks would acknowledge for their own what these humanists attribute to them is far from me. For, as I have shown in the paper on Humanism and the Industrial Age, in my "Culture and Democracy in the United States," the Greeks were not humanists and Plato was not a Platonist; indeed, he was, if anything, an anti-humanist. Messrs. Babbitt and More simply confuse the renaissance *use* of the Greek classics, which was called Humanism because it set up the "humanities" against the divinity of medievalism, with their own intent. When the world had become sufficiently secularized, these "humanities" ceased to be engines of life and became preoccupations of professors, doctrines and disciplines of the schools merely. In a world of Babbitts, it is not unnatural that the puritan duplicity of the George I's should bring forth the corrective dualistic classicism of Irving. This classicism seems to me the most romantic gesture of all the pre-Raphaelite medievalism, the chinoiserie, the nostalgia for the remote in space and time, for mystic wholeness and mystic oneness, which variously utter the romantic mood. Evocation of a romantic conscience despairing of reality, the Humanism of the academic cult haunts the schools, a pale ineffectual ghost. Life and letters go on, in the United States as elsewhere, untouched by it. Ever and anon it makes a manifestation, but so weakly, the arts don't know it has been there.

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For the moment you try to embody it in life or letters it dissolves to nothing. Take only one instance, Mr. Foerster's admonition to the critics he does not agree with to give up trying to be the Americans they can't be in order to become the humans they can. What is it to be "human," like that? If it is not to be a living man, with the unique juices of individuality and locale in his veins, it is nothing. Before asking others to become this abstraction, he ought to produce an actual example of it. But that is impossible. The fact is, American is what we can be without learning, just by living and working in the American scene. Humans, merely humans, we can be not only by ceasing to be the individualities we are, but by ceasing to be at all. A Humanism which substitutes an abstract Humanity for living men, an eternal perfection for the changeful process of civilization, is not only a ghost but ghastly. It is the last faint gasp of secularized Calvinism, the frayed latter end of the genteel tradition. In the words of the Happy Warrior, on whose breastplate the more primitive and theological owners of this tradition split the solid South, it is a lot of boloney. So far as American Criticism is concerned, this boloney seems thus far to have been among, but not of it. It leaves not even a bouquet.

About a hundred medieval Papal Bulls of great historic value have been found in Leningrad among the religious archives of the former Government. The Bulls are on artistically decorated parchment and the seals bear figures of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

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Benchley, His Life and Times

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA OR DAVID COPPERFIELD. By ROBERT BENCHLEY. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I FEEL jolly awkward, I must say, in being called upon to review this book of Mr. Benchley's, because I shrewdly suspect that he has been taking liberties with the classics in the choice of his title. At least a select few of us remember a certain—ha! ha!—novel by one who has always been known as England's greatest lyric poet, called, if I mistake not "Voyage au centre de la terre or Dombey and Son." Which is coming pretty close to it—pret-ty *close* to it. Neither is Mr. Bletts-worthy on Rampole Island.

Oh, stop giggling.

Yet this is hardly to do Mr. Benchley, or even myself, justice. Mr. Benchley is a Thinker. In this book he thinks about all sorts of things. He thinks of so many things at once that he gets all mixed up, which is, perhaps, his greatest charm.

I have read his book from cover to cover, not without an occasional chuckle. I like his drawings. Benchley is by way of becoming an illustrator. These earliest products of his pencil—inked in afterward—are delightful; they are practically all swerve and trip-up. They are as different from the preponderating designs by Gluyas Williams lavishly scattered through the volume as what can one say.

It is when Benchley approaches the fantastic that his deepest note of irony is somehow struck. In those grating rhythms one can hear all humanity sobbing. And then with a snort he gets up and goes out to lunch, returning extremely pizzicato. Variety, thy name is Benchley! The man is a veritable chameleon of mood.

Here one will find the reflections of a ripe mind, never mind where,—it's one of those places in the west forties. *Byron de nos jours* I frequently call Benchley, in my more epigrammatic moments, only quite as frequently I forget what it means. Once he became insulted.

You could not exactly speak of Benchley as whimsical, at least only over his dead body. His present suit against me he has agreed to settle out of court, for it is entirely untrue that I ever referred to him as "Pierrot of the Minute."

The grammar and spelling in this his latest work are most commendable. And to sum it all up that makes about $11.33 I still owe him on the Harvard-Yale game.

I wish I could get anybody interested in reading the work of this serious young artist who has toiled along for years, turning out perfectly swell stuff to which nobody has ever paid the slightest attention. His name should not remain entirely unknown in Manhattan. Here's to him, the silent toast of homage when we meet 'neath the sounding rafter. Gentlemen and ladies, I give you our greatest unknown soldier of letters, Robert Camberwell† Benchley!

Henri Bergson, to whom the Nobel prize for litterature for 1927 has been awarded is the author of "Creative Evolution" and other philosophical works widely known. He is sixty-nine years old.

He was elected member of the French Academy in 1918 and was appointed first head of the League of Nations Institute for Intellectual Coöperation but retired because of poor health. Before the war he was professor of Greek literature at the Institute de France.

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* Such times!

† I'm frightfully sorry. He says that isn't his middle name at all.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Bowling Green

Thoughts at the Bottom of a Mug of Cider*

AUTUMN, if ever, is the time to try to speak the truth. To *write* truth would be more accurate, truth is rarely spoken. Even one listener is an embarrassment.

There are a few weeks in autumn when perhaps more subtly than at any other season human beings become exquisitely aware of their tender predicament. The year, the year we loved, passes through the colors of Spain and the Indies. She is lovely on her death-bed. There are afternoons filtered through sleepy gold when one dare not think, so acute is that sense of passage. Even Keats left his ode to Autumn unconcluded by any definite sentiment, probably because the "moral" of autumn is mortally unbearable. We see it in every wrinkled brown leaf, in every log we burn. The last stanza of Keats's ode was never put on paper, but you can taste it in every mug of cider.

Of all human follies, the collecting of autographs is probably the most exasperating. Of course the seasoned observer of this humor knows that the only autograph worth having is one that was never intended as such. In spite of the insistent claims of competing prophets, from Moses down, it is not yet proved that the greatest Author of all anywhere autographed his work—not legibly at any rate. But the sweet sobriety of autumn, even more than the lewd merriment of spring, always seems to me the closest we come to his signature on the dotted line. It is his unpromissory note. And it always suggests the central doctrine that the whole of life, everything, all we can ever observe or suspect, is one huge analogy. The explanation, if ever attained, will be of unspeakable simpleness; it will be the infinity at which all parallels meet.

Man, not less than the chipmunk, is attentive to the small silver threat of autumn evenings. It is then that the writer, rodent larger and less picturesque, is impelled to lay away his little provender of nuts. Aware of the long dark winter he also would like, poor soul, to put down some storage of notions, some kernels of beechnut prose or verse, to remind imagined survivors that he too was once alive and aware of comedy. And it is then that the reader, happier than the writer, can turn to those nuts that chipmunks of the past have harvested for him. What a chipmunk, for example, was Wordsworth, for an autumn evening. And the bookshop is the hollow stump where many such chipmunks have secreted their stores. It is their chipmonastery.

If one could put down adequately the thoughts and fancies of one day only, what a nut that would be for posterity. And what a love we (who are, for all previous chipmunks, Posterity: an important thing to be)—what a love we hold for those who in honest autumnal mood have uttered the beautiful misgivings of the heart. It is often said that mankind reserves its deepest affection for those who can make it laugh. I wonder. Surely our greatest love is for those who can make us reputably sad, for we always suspect that they may be telling the truth.

Of all the lifelong adventures of one day, I can only take space here to record one: as a proof of sincerity I choose Today itself, the day I know best. Dean Swift, an elderly Studebaker, was not behaving well: it was obvious, even to a slovenly mechanician, that one or two spark plugs were not firing. She was, as we call her when in trouble, the Gloomy Dean. While Pete, our excellent technologist at the local smithy was (in the words of the immortal Anatomy) rectifying her perturbations, I heard a vigorous harangue proceeding from a loudspeaker within the garage. A parson of nation-loud repute was putting his Sunday afternoon certainties on the air. It was the first time I had heard his voice, and I was amused to note that like many of the propheteers and parvenus for whom America is reproached he was audibly of alien origin. That of course, was irrelevant; what struck me was the terrific haste and vehemence of his discourse; as though in imminent danger of interruption. His remarks were harmless in themselves; as far as intellectual ether was concerned their wave length was modest enough; but the noise and hurry of their emergence from the trumpet was appalling. I repeated to myself the familiar thought that if you're talking to a great many people you've got to be very Positive.

By this time, Pete (a great admirer of this parson, I must add; Pete gets genuine virtue from the jets of homily that come yelling out at him as he tinkers the Sunday afternoon traffic) had fixed the spark plugs. Incautiously, the engine running, I laid my hand on one of them, and got a shock that tingled me notably. It wasn't painful, it was merely thrilling. I felt it pass, a miracle of sprightliness, through the cords of both arms. Obviously there was something there that was in a mighty big hurry to get somewhere. For the instant I happened to be part of the circuit. There again, I said to myself, as the Dean went on her way, was an example of something that had a message to deliver to a large public, and was very positive about it. Analogy once more!

Everybody, this is the real riddle of the universe, always seems so certain about everything, except you yourself; and only You Yourself know how devilish uncertain and anxious you are about a lot of things. "There are many voices," says the old wisdom, "and none, it may be, without significance." That damnable dubiety seems to run through the whole tissue of existence; and yet, odd paradox, we are equally convinced, in moments of sanity, that some supreme unifying simplicity underlies the whole riddle. What's the answer? What is it of which Wordsworth said

> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
> And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

The name that Wordsworth gave it is an unpopular and uncomfortable one, so I don't mention it. It isn't quite the right word anyhow.

Even in a bookshop, God help us, we can't avoid these discomforts of decision. Prosperous citizens to looard of Central Park in New York have lately learned to their horror that some of the smartest speakeasies have been selling poisoned liquor; some of the very nicest bookshops unavoidably sell books that have a high content of wood alcohol. The Bookseller, like the pharmacist, deals in dangerous drugs; many a young intellect, fevered with some too Circean syrup, has uttered Romeo's *O true apothecary!* and expired. Lucky indeed the community that has attracted to itself a bookshop under management that is wise, liberal, experimental, and humane; a bookshop that will always remain young in spirit, replenished every autumn by a whole new generation of excitable customers.

Autumn, to return to our theme (if there was one) is the season of humility; for in these months, brilliant with decay, Nature suggests to us her most disquieting analogies. Decadent literatures have always been witty; earth itself in autumn is at her most epigrammatic. We need feel no shame that you and I cannot solve the questions that Lucretius and Wordsworth have agreed not to answer. Since we don't have to talk over the radio on Sunday afternoons we can afford to be undogmatic, and smile to each other over our very human anxieties. When the leaves are off the trees we can see the stars better, and we follow the enchanted grievance of autumn with the lovely fairytale of Christmas. We are nothing if not fanciful: we celebrate the legend of divine humility by a roaring largesse of luxury. For one month in the year, Literature almost enters the category of Big Business. In the exact sense of the words I say, More Power to it!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

* Printed by permission of the Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass., in whose Christmas catalogue it is to appear.

Gracious Gascony

ABBÉ PIERRE'S PEOPLE. By JAY WILLIAM HUDSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

MR. HUDSON'S new tale of Gascony, like his deservedly popular "Abbé Pierre," fits into no ready-made mould of English literature. In France it would classify somewhere between Daudet's "Lettres de mon moulin" and the roman régional. A whole gay and charming community is its hero, and before one finishes the book one knows not only the notary, the priest, the barber, the doctor, the *maire*, and the local nobility, but also the legends, manners, and traditions of the place. By telling significant stories of one or another of these people, by recapturing a custom here and a superstition there, the author takes us into the homes and gardens of Aignan, through its sunny streets, and along the hilly, wooded roads leading out of it, until in the end Aignan, with all its sounds, smells, and sights, becomes ours as it is his. No guide-book tour through Gascony could ever bring one so intimate a knowledge of the country-side and of every stratum of its society as this unpretentious, interpretative story.

Strictly speaking, the book is not a novel, but rather a series of incidents and vignettes, each complete in itself and yet competently welded into the whole. The narrative style is always limpid, the humor unforced, and no dull pages are to be found. Moreover, the mellow philosophy of Abbé Pierre himself—especially as it comes into conflict with the disconcerting ideas of Monsieur Ware of "the province of Ohio"—gives the book not only consistency and integrity but an outward symbol of all that seems most gracious and lovable in the remoter villages lying north of the Pyrenees.

History and Story

THE MEN OF SILENCE. By LOUIS FORGIONE. With an introduction by WALTER LITTLEFIELD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.50

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TO all outward appearances this is simply another detective novel. Actually it is an authentic and accurately detailed history of the exposure of the Neapolitan Camorra by agents of the Italian Crown in 1906-07, thrown into fictional form without at any point departing from sober fact. This monstrous criminal organization, whose tentacles extended from the basest malefactors of the *mala vita* of Naples to some of the most aristocratic circles of the Italian political and financial world, had in 1906 become intolerably arrogant. It wielded a sinister power in defiance of the government. The King had already resolved to attack it when in June, 1906, all Italy was shocked by a brutal double murder in Naples; a former official of the Camorra, Gennaro Cuocolo, and his wife Maria Cutinelli, were stabbed to death under circumstances which pointed plainly to an execution for treason by that body. Thereupon the King summoned a trusted officer of the Reali Carabinieri, Captain Fabbroni, and secretly entrusted the collection of evidence to him. It was a task in which Fabbroni could depend upon no official assistance; the ministries of justice and the interior were permeated with the Camorra venom. It was attended with mortal risk at every step. But Fabbroni enlisted two trusty comrades, and set intrepidly and shrewdly to work.

With skilful pen, Mr. Forgione describes just how these three disguised Carabinieri, grappling with the most implacable, argus-eyed, and unscrupulous criminal organization in the world, outmatched its cunning. Fabbroni and one of his companions were quickly checkmated. But the third agent, a giant named Cappezuti, assumed a disguise which defied penetration, and succeeded in so gaining the confidence of one of the chief Camorrist initiates that he soon had that person in his power. Little by little confessions were obtained from him which revealed the secrets of the darkest Camorrist crimes. Little by little, also, and at great peril, corroborative evidence was secured. While he makes a fascinating tale of detection out of this, Mr. Forgione also gives us some striking portraits of the Camorrist leaders: particularly of Erricone, the haughty, indomitable, scarred chieftain of the organization, who ultimately fled to New York and was captured there by Petrosino, chief of our Italian squad; of the monk Don Ciro Vitozzi, more than anyone else the brains of the organization; and of "Maria the Beauty," a melodramatic adventuress. When all was ready, the trap was sprung. The sequel was the "Great Trial" of 1911, and the conviction of eleven persons for murder and an assortment of other crimes, effectually crippling but by no means destroying the Camorra.

In a well-written introduction Mr. Littlefield, who suggested this theme to Mr. Forgione, places the story in its historical setting, and describes the more recent work of the Fascist Government in uprooting not merely the Camorra but the Mafia and the banditti of various wild parts of Italy. The book should appeal not merely to those who delight in a good detective story vividly told, but to those who are interested in social conditions in some of the darker parts of Italy before the war.

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The Young Olympian

IN 1844, when Herman Melville landed in Boston, provincial American society was in that state of uneasy transformation which means either a vaster accomplishment or destruction; and in 1844 it was still possible to think that the result would not be, fatally, destruction. The Mexican War loomed ahead, thanks partly to the itch of Southern planters to extend the territory under cotton, abetted by the belief of men like Seward that by a process of territorial aggrandizement and conquest the conflict between Northern and Southern economic interests could be diverted. The American State had already acquired the desire to crown itself with glory and prestige by conquering one of its disordered neighbors—a process which mixed an ineffable air of virtue with the proud consciousness that we had chosen an opponent who could not possibly lick us.

Already something that aggravated the economic conflict had appeared on the horizon, a breach between the several states over the ancient metaphysical question of the one and the many, somewhat confused by doubts as to whether free institutions could flourish alongside an empire committed to slavery and expansion. These doubts must have been even more confusing to a neutral observer, since cities like Charleston and New Orleans, for all their slavery, were less depressing and barbarous than such proud emporia as New York and such dingy manufacturing hives as Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. There was so much right and wrong on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line that the question could only be decided by furious men of action, who would decisively pound their fist into one side of the scale or the other in order to make weight, and register a conclusion.

If slavery showed a dark countenance, beautifully calsomined by the most solicitous Christian hypocrisy, industrialism showed a dingy one. The little water-driven millwheel, which greatly lightened the domestic labor of the early nineteenth century farm, and which served equally to operate the small mill or factory, had only a brief day of social efficiency: by 1850, Melville could encounter a factory in the Berkshire Hills, turning rags into paper, and call it a Tartarus of Maids. Mechanical instruments, so far from diminishing the amount of servile labor in the world, threatened to turn all industrial operations into a form of servitude: in this middle period, craftsmanship of the hand decayed, and craftsmanship of the machine was subjugated by the demand for the cheap, the shoddy, the ephemeral.

* * *

Was this a triumph or a débâcle, this coming of industrialism, this volcanic intrusion of new methods of living, new means of communication, new habits of work? When one thinks of the countrysides that ran down, the forests that were wantonly destroyed, the soils that were depleted, the towns that were jerrybuilt and burned and jerrybuilt again, the public lands that were thrown into the laps of speculators, the industrial population that was starved and depressed in dingy cities, one sees that there is no easy answer to this question; and certainly none of the economists has ever been impartial enough as accountant to tell whether the final result for civilization was a gain or a loss, and if so, how much was gained and how much lost, and where these things happened. But when Melville came back to America, industrialism was a value in itself: people encouraged it as the patrons of the Renaissance encouraged art, not doubting that the activity was a great one, and made for a higher civilization.

It is perhaps a little absurd to speak of such disparate things as Attica and the North Atlantic States in the same breath; but these regions, between 1820 and 1860, which coincided with Melville's birth and maturity, were in many respects in the same situation as Attica between the birth of Socrates and the death of Plato. An old provincial culture, closely bound to the land, was being overthrown by a new order based upon trade and imperialistic enterprise and military expeditions in support of the prestige of the State; and, at this moment of dissolution, the spirit fulfilled itself in a sudden outburst which expressed, in a new form, all that was valuable in the old culture, with an additional energy derived partly from the seething activities of the new life, that was inimical to it and already threatened it. The gap between Sophocles and Menander was no greater than the gap between Melville and Mark Twain: both these Americans roughed it and traveled much and gave accounts of their adventures; but their feeling and their vision belonged to different worlds.

In the America of the forties there was a sense of poignant expectatidon which was also a fulfilment. Emerson was giving his lectures on the Times, Thoreau was making his experiment at Walden Pond: warm spirits with thin and fantastic notions about the ideal life were discussing Fourier, welcoming the writings of Cabet, trying by a single gesture to regenerate the morals of society, to get an easier living, reform the diet, and alter the institution of matrimony—absurd, rickety people they were, no doubt, but Bronson Alcott's preference for the sun-touched fruits and vegetables as against the tubers, has turned out not to be so fantastic in fact as it sounds in theory; and if it is possible now to eat food which does not lead inevitably to gout and indigestion, wear clothes that do not stifle and constrict the human body, and think candidly about institutions which were once too sacred for rational thought, we owe these improvements not a little to the passionate women who dared to wear trousers and the comical men who listened patiently to Dr. Graham's famous lecture on the benefits of bran-bread and squashes.

* * *

In 1844 this mixture in society of new and old, provincial and metropolitan, free and servile, vital and mechanical, was still a muddy one: the elements had not settled; contrast and comparison were difficult; and people stood for one or the other, chiefly by intuition, while perhaps a good part of the population sought both: they wanted the old privileges of birth and the new ones of opportunity, the old stability and order, and all the new fields to conquer and the new positions to occupy. Melville belonged by temperament and shade of interest to the order that was passing, and not to the chaos and dissolution that was to come; still, in so far as he was aware of the change, he accepted it and even took a little pleasure in it, as when he anticipated from the progress of inventions that fifty years hence it would be a commonplace for an American to spend his week-end in Honolulu.

Melville came back to this turbid, spring-freshet of a society. Up to the age of twenty-five he had knocked around the world solely for the purpose of making the best of a bad job. Now, at twenty-five he discovered, in writing Typee, that he actually had made the best of it: his roaming, wasted life was all to the good: its idlest moments could be salvaged; for he had come into possession of something he had not deliberately set out to find, and twenty years of sedentary labor at home would not have given him equal experiences or equal leisure to reflect upon them. The wreckage of his Polynesian years was more precious than any cargo he might have punctually guarded in New York or Boston, at some purser's job like school-teaching. The outcast came into his own; and the prodigal returned with his own fatted calf to give him welcome!

Herman Melville's first book was a narrative of his four months in the Marquesas among the Typees: its American title was Typee. It was at the opposite pole, at the other end of the world, from another book that was being composed during this period, Thoreau's Walden, but the similarities are no less important than the contrasts. Typee is Melville's Walden, without the philosophic reflection and without the premeditated purpose to test the benefits of a more primitive life: Walden is Thoreau's Typee without the physical derring-do and adventure.

Melville had found in the Marquesas the simplicity and directness of livelihood that Thoreau sought nearer at hand; and as for Thoreau, he treated the oak tree as if it were breadfruit, and was glad to find sweet acorns fit to eat, because they diminished the number of enemies in the universe. Both Melville and Thoreau had found out what it meant to throw off the impediments of civilization; and though both of them returned to the society of their own kind, they carried back to everyday American life a little contempt. Life at the core was a much simpler matter than the civilized would admit: for civilization, which creates enjoyable forms for human activity, also creates grotesque ones, which grow up alongside the shapely forms and tend to supplant them: the accumulations of capital comes to mean more than the provision of food and shelter, and the regalia of the book of etiquette means more than friendly intercourse. The philistines that surrounded Melville knew no more about the great forms of civilization, about the art of Shakespeare or Rembrandt or the philosophy of Spinoza and Goethe, than the naked savages: they were just as destitute in these higher essentials, and, on top of these disabilities, they lacked the savage's animal health, charm, and good nature. Melville did not set out to test these things, as Thoreau did; but unconsciously, on the mere weight of evidence, he came to the same conclusion.

Writing is not merely a process of explicating what one already knows: it is also a matter of discovering what one is not aware of: it brings to light the hidden loot in that storehouse which psychologists call the unconscious. In the very act of writing Typee, Melville must have become conscious of his specific equipment and his gifts as a writer; for, though he had been able to make no notes of his adventures while he was undergoing them, they had sorted themselves out and formed a pattern of their own. In his first book, Melville went about his work with a sure instinct. He read up every account of the South Seas he could lay hands on, Captain Cook's voyages, missionary reports, travelers' descriptions: he discovered, what some writers find out far too late, that if one trusts to one's own experience alone, one gets something less than one's own experience, while, if the background is filled out and enriched, one's own contribution comes out more copiously. This habit of reference became characteristic of Melville in almost all his later works.

It would have been hard to spoil such adventures as Melville's: he could only have done it by a weak memory or a poor gift of visualization, or, more fatal perhaps than these, a tendency to touch every event with a sentimental gloss. Melville's Typee was free from these sins. He trusted his eyes completely; he told what he saw. Did he understand everything? By no means; the taboo was a mystery, the religious observances obscure, the exact status of cannibalism hard to define: in his very failure to interpret these data, he gave an account which is still valuable to the anthropologist as a description of a tribe of South Sea Islanders in an entirely primitive and untainted state. If Melville had trusted his eyes less and his wits more he might perhaps have disclosed facts which were sealed to him; he might also have muddled and misinterpreted everything. The very limitations of Melville's descriptions give one confidence in their authenticity: this is not unvarnished truth, perhaps, because unvarnished truth, with no inaccuracies and distortions and running together of separate events is impossible without a written record, promptly made; but it is still truth.

* * *

Does one want a further guarantee of Melville's accuracy in Typee? The answer is to be found in the rest of his work. While his powers of invention were not small, it was only with difficulty that he could escape the actual world and create a world sustained by his own fantasy. He tried to do this in "Mardi," and he was forced back upon history and fact; by the time he reached the end of the book, he lost his grip entirely and converted his fabulous Mardians, into out-and-out Europeans. He tried again in "Pierre," and fell back upon the stereotyped figures of conventional melodrama: he succeeded completely, in fact, only once, and he did this by an heroic effort, for which he had to pay a severe physical penalty. Like Defoe, Melville was closely chained to the document, the fact, the experience; he could endow these things with imaginative life, for all the other instruments of creative writing were at his command; but he was not given to inventive elaboration. Do we not perhaps exaggerate the possibilities of the pure imagination? The recent studies of Poe's and Coleridge's fantasies should warn us. Even in the dream, where the imagination works without any obligation to be understood or communicated, the most bizarre effects are a blowing up, through the mechanism of dream-

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by Lewis Mumford

work, into a vast bubble of some tiny drop of actual soapy water.

In Typee, then, Melville made no attempt to write a pure idyll, compounded of butterfly wings and spiderwebs and rainbows. Fayaway was interesting to him; but so, on reflection, were the misdemeanors of the missionaries in the Marquesas. The dangers of being eaten were horrid: so were the brutalities that whaling captains inflicted on the natives: so was the military overlordship of the French. Everything was told in its place, as far as everything could be told to an already Victorian public. The wonder is that Melville, in the first edition of Typee, was as frank as he was: when Dickens's "Oliver Twist" was published in America it was attacked for its immoral picture of Bill Sykes and Nancy, by one of the shrinkingly pure American newspapers of the time, which no doubt carried in the neighboring columns advertisements of quack doctors, books on "sexology," and patent medicines to be used as abortifacients. Melville, who was fresh from four years of travel, wrote with easy freedom and candor, forgetting that his audience was Thackeray's, not Smollett's.

Typee belongs to the morning of the imagination —like "Pickwick Papers." It is direct, fresh, free from self-consciousness, like the healthy youth who experience these adventures and sit down to write about them. That quality is precious and irretrievable. Dickens lived a whole lifetime without again creating anything so sanative and comic as Pickwick; and though Melville fared further and pondered more deeply on life, this book, and the one that followed, alone had the full bloom of youth upon them. Such books are written without a formula; their essential quality is almost beyond formulation. When one has said youth one has said almost everything. Typee is a book to make one go visiting tropical islands, a book to make one question the well-arranged career, the carefully ironed routine, the dull inevitability of the days one has chosen to lead. A scholarly boy reads Typee, and engages a berth for himself on a ship bound for Madagascar; a young architect reads the book and leaves his drawing board for a trader's post in the Marquesas, where he becomes a specialist in Polynesian dialects; another young man reads Typee and decides to bind his Fayaway to him by the tie of marriage. One reads Typee and life suddenly shows a new vista. Adventure is possible: Eden is real: life need not include time-tables and bank accounts and exercises in physical culture. And unlike romantic fantasy, Typee is not itself a narcotic, a form of escape: it suggests appropriate actions and deeds. If one person becomes a philologist through reading it, another takes to anthropology; another buys himself a sailboat; and another suddenly decides to carry out some difficult course he had resolved on and put aside again and again.

Like "Pickwick Papers"—but how differently—Typee communicates its own simple health and manly confidence; its keenness, its straightforwardness, its hearty appetite for life. It is written with that skill which disarms skill, with the clarity beside which a more deliberate artifice would be clumsy. The color of such romantic episodes may be artificially imitated: Kaloolah was such an imitation, and in a very bad light one may not at once detect the difference: but there is no imitating the down on the cheek and the clear eye—the stigmata of unspotted youth. I do not underestimate the charm of his subject; but Melville imparted to it his own candid and buoyant nature, watching this strange delicious world with intent, water-blue eyes. The subject was made for a young man to tell about—and happily the young man appeared. It was matched to this adventurous young American as the England of comfortable inns and Christmas jollity was matched to young Dickens. Melville varied the formula of wishy-washy romance by treating all romantic facts realistically, as he treated brutality and both the romance and the hard adventures profited by it.

What a contrast Typee is to "Robinson Crusoe"! Defoe's prose was a far richer instrument than that Melville used in Typee; but after the first few chapters of Robinson Crusoe one's mind refused to follow that plaguey philistine: nobody but a classical economist would pursue his tedious moralizings and his adept contrivances on his desert island. Defoe set out to teach a lesson, and before Crusoe has his last boatload of wares stowed away, long before he has re-established himself in that middle estate in life from which he originally fled, we are asleep. Melville sets out to teach us nothing: but at every step we follow eagerly and find ourselves making notes, instituting comparisons, seeing the world in fresh perspective. Typee is a magic mirror. In Typee we hold the secret of youth, and hold the world up to its clear surface: for the first time, perhaps, we note its unhealthy complexion, its slack paunch, its jaded smile, its fatuous anxieties, its lack of even animal repose.

Typee, which was published in London by John Murray, in his Colonial and Home Library, quickly won a name for itself as a piece of picaresque fiction. The London *Times* could not believe that a common American seaman could have the style of an educated literary man; and even a friend of the family, Mr. Evert Duyckinck, could hint politely that Melville had manufactured some of his adventures; Typee, literally, seemed too good to be true. The only people who took Typee for what it was were the missionary promoters: they damned the whole account heartily as unfair to the missionaries, and a perversion of Christian teaching, since this impudent and ribald young man pictured evangelical zeal as making no particular improvement in Polynesian morality, and since he even went out of his way to comment sarcastically upon the missionaries in Honolulu, who published a journal in which the doings of the "converted" king were recorded with the unction of an official English court gazette.

Against the charge of untruth and the imputation of fiction, Melville had two answers. One was happily furnished by Richard Tobias Greene, the Toby of Typee, a resident of Buffalo, who had in fact escaped from the Marquesas without being able to effect Melville's rescue, and who wrote to the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser,* when Typee was published, verifying Melville's story and asking Melville to get in touch with him. Melville got from Toby an account of his adventures, and embodied them in a sequel to Typee called "The Story of Toby." As for the missionaries, Melville's instinct in controversy served him well: in his next book, he returned to the misdemeanors of the pious and hit harder in the same place. He had observed that all the eulogistic reports of the missionaries were written by the missionaries themselves: their zeal to propagate Christianity was not unmixed with their concern to get money which would further that fine enterprise: against these glowing reports of conversion and grace and the introduction of shame and sin into the South Seas Melville pitted his own acrid memories. No animus against Christianity led him to do this, for he had strong initial bias in its favor; what spurred him was mere honesty of record, and the desire to see the Polynesians left alone in a happier state.

The fuss that was raised over Typee was not merely on account of its supposed lack of fidelity. It was also because it had displayed loose and immoral scenes. If people could find looseness and immorality in Melville's description of sexual customs in the South Seas, or in his anecdote of the proud South Sea queen examining with naive pleasure the tatooing on a French sailor, and, in all innocence, raising her skirts so as to disclose her own to such a connoisseur of the art, or in the incident of the beautiful yellow-haired wife of a missionary, who was worshipped by the natives as a mysterious goddess, until they stript her of her clothes and discovered that she was even as they—if the public could feel a titillation of wickedness over these things, it must have been in a state of pathological sensitiveness; and no doubt it was, for the exposure of more than the lower part of the female ankle in society was then the mark of a wicked and abandoned woman.

This did not make it any easier for a candid fellow like Melville; and when a new edition was projected in America, the officious and correct Mr. Duyckinck must have suggested, as advisor to Wiley and Putman, that a little judicious editing would reduce the offense and increase Melville's audience. The young must be protected; the clergy must be conciliated; just a little pruning here and there would give the book a place on every library table. Melville should not have listened to this nonsense; sooner or later a man with anything worth saying must face the world of Pimminee and be prepared to stuff its prejudices and its gentlemanly objections down its throat: if a young author does not make this stand in his first book, he will increase his difficulties with his fourth or fifth. But in 1846 Melville was still uncertain of himself: a novice in his vocation, he was not aware of all the snares that beset a man of letters; the pressure toward amiable compliance with the all too amiable Mr. Duyckinck must have been pretty stiff, all the more, perhaps, because a Duyckienk might almost be a Gansevoort, and family pressure may have played a part, too. At all events, he consented to let Typee be bowdlerized.

"The *Revised* (Expurgated?—odious word!) Edition of 'Typee' ought to be duly announced—and as the matter (in one respect) is a little delicate, I am happy that the literary tact of Mr. Duyckinck will be exerted on this occasion." So Melville wrote in the middle of 1846 to Mr. Evert Duyckinck. He grimaced a little at the dose; but unfortunately swallowed it. The anecdote about Queen Pommaree went; the anecdote about the missionary's wife went; and various other passages were underscored by elimination.

I would not say that this bowdlerization ruins the book, or that it materially takes away from its value: that is not the point. Small and "immaterial" suppressions may have no effect upon the literary value of a work: but they cannot help having a subtly corrosive effect upon the man who has created it. As Æ once pointed out, in discussing the matter of censorship, the spirit of the artist is a sensitive one, and in many cases it works only with great difficulty. If its wings are clipped by so much as a feather-tip, its capacity for flight may be ruined. It is perhaps impossible to say how far Melville was harmed by Mr. Duyckinck's tactful exertions, or by the hysterical denunciations that prompted them. For objective evidence, we have only the fact that sex, except in remote allusions to debauchery in "Redburn" or to sodomy in "White Jacket" did not enter into any of Melville's stories, until it suddenly erupted in "Pierre" (1852) with the violence of long repression. Mark Twain was burdened by similar censorship; and he took refuge in the flat obscenity of "1601." Melville's own development as a man and a writer might have been a happier one, had not sex become in his day a sanctimonious ritual, with no middle term between the license of the brothel and the waxen purity of the home. The censorship which operated on Melville's books bore equally on his spirit: his libido turned back upon itself, and got lost for a time in the mazes of an infantile life. To take sex easily, naturally, rationally, is to subject it to the refining elements in life: to take it with a sense of unholy attraction and holy repulsion is to dissociate it completely from the normal influence of knowledge and convention and taste; in this dissociated, fragmental state, sex rages irresponsibly like a bolt of lightning in an open field; it may disappear into the ground, it may shatter a tree, it may kill a human being.

Melville had carried back from the South Seas the simplicity of an essentially chaste, but, we must suppose, not altogether inexperienced young man. That simplicity had something valuable in it for Melville's contemporaries, just as his appreciation of savage society must have warned them about the absurd extravagance of acquiring dyspepsia and hard faces and an incapacity for the arts of living by their concentration upon money-making—and the censorship in Typee kept this part of Melville, I think, from maturing with reflection and experience. Sex was taboo. That part of his growth knew no middle state between greenness and blight. One part of life was locked for him in a dark chamber; one part will die by asphyxiation.

The foregoing article is to constitute part of a chapter in Mr. Mumford's "Herman Melville," shortly to be issued by Harcourt, Brace & Company. Its writer, Lewis Mumford, is the author of "The Golden Day" (Boni & Liveright), and of numerous essays and studies.

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Books of Special Interest

Plays for Christmas

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN FANTASIES. By PERCY MACKAYE. Illustrations by ARVIA MACKAYE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.50.

THE SILVER TASSIE. By SEAN O'CASEY. New York: Macmillan Company. 1928. $1.75.

BLIND. By LAURENCE OLIVER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.50.

MR. SCROOGE. By ASHLEY MILLER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

AT Christmas tide one looks for a message. A child to be born. An enthusiasm. Something to come through from worlds beyond that will reveal this world unto itself. Something to offset our disappointments. Something to lift us out of accustomed grooves into wider sympathies.

Of all our American dramatists Percy MacKaye is most fitted to this spirit. Something comes through him. In general, this "something" is of universal import, the vision of a poet *en rapport* with beauty. In specific it is the vision of a patriot, one who believes in and loves his country. Through plays, masques, poems, tales he has written American history. His idiom is our folk-lore. In the presenting of American life through our folk-lore Mr. MacKaye is a pioneer, especially in the field of drama. It is he who waked us up to the fact that we have a folk-lore to be so used. Moreover, he has written out of his own impulse, and not, as is sometimes alleged, under the influence of Yeats or Synge. Before the Abbey Theatre was founded he began to write his first *genre* short plays. That the publication of the first collection of these plays coincided with the first American tour of the Irish Players in 1912 was mere accident.

This first collection, entitled "Yankee Fantasies," has just been republished (by French) and forms a companion volume to the new "Kentucky Fantasies," both books having the striking illustrations of Arvia MacKaye, a poet-artist most sensitive to the symbolism of her father's work. From the earlier volume the pagan joyousness of Chuck, of Julie Bonheur, and Jonas Boufwell, and the mystic figure of Sam Average, the spirit of America, have appeared many times on the stages of our little theatres. From the new volume Lark, the fiddler, the sermonizing Samp Green, and Clabe, the old bee-man, will doubtless become as familiar. The pagan spirit in contrast with Puritanism is peculiarly of New England, as Alice Brown in her "Children of Earth" has shown as clearly as Mr. MacKaye. It is therefore absent from the Kentucky plays. Sojourning in the southern Appalachian region, Mr. MacKaye felt a different kind of clash—"a contrast wherein, at one flash, the man before Copernicus confronts the man of radium and wireless, and the world of Isaiah stands confounded by the world of Marconi." The Kentucky mountaineer is shown therefore in his primitive simplicities. In "Napoleon Crossing the Rockies" (the title of a folk-song), Uncle Lark and Aunt Tildy are much less impressed by an offer of a bag of gold for their land than by some new fiddle strings and "pieded beads." In "Timber," the best play of the three in this collection, and one of the finest things Mr. MacKaye has done, the brooding power of Nature over the spirit of man is externalized. It is the trees that speak, the great kings of the primitive forests that must fall before the woodsman's axe. Margit has lost all her men folks, killed by trees as they fell under the axe, so upon Timber, her son, she gets a witch-doctor to cast a spell that he may never be killed by wood. The spell holds, and when Timber meets his death it is "The autymobile—Hit smashed him—the iron exle." No spell has been cast against iron, which symbolizes the ruthless attack of civilization on natural beauty. In the play this symbolism is not always clear, but what is perfectly clear, even though subtly put, is the potent plea for the preservation of our original forests. The third play, "The Funeralizing of Crickneck," is better theatre than the other two. It is delicious folk comedy from start to finish, and should prove hilarious fun in the acting. In theme and characterization, then, these plays are noteworthy, but their outstanding feature is the magnificent rhythm of speech, just such speech with its rich Elizabethan flavor as Mr. MacKaye has given us in "This Fine Pretty World." A strange mixture of Bible and barnyard, of Old Testament phrases curiously blended with colloquialisms, now grotesquely humorous, now infinitely pathetic. Whether this speech is exactly that of the Kentucky mountaineer is of little matter. We do not look to Mr. MacKaye for stark realism. We look to him rather for a golden web of the imagination whose pattern is outlined by his vision and embroidered by his art.

As unmistakably an Irishman is Sean O'Casey as MacKaye is an American. Ireland is his theme and his love. Only O'Casey is a free thinking radical. He has himself known gaunt want. He is one with the people of whom he writes. Made internationally famous by his realistic *genre* play "Juno and the Paycock," he topped this achievement by "The Plough and the Stars," the best play that has come out of Ireland since Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World." It would be hard indeed to come up to the standard of either of these plays, and in this new play, "The Silver Tassie," O'Casey has not done so by any means. Here are bits of the same humorous and shrewd characterization, and the same power of writing beautiful dialogue, but not the same coherence to actuality. Home from the War on a furlough, Harry Heegan wins the silver tassie as a football champion. He wishes to remain over a few days in celebration of this victory in the company of his wild love Jessie, but is sent off summarily by his mother to rejoin his regiment. At the front he is hopelessly crippled, and Jessie deserts him for his rival. He then presents his mother with the silver tassie to "have and hold forever," in symbol of his youthful strength and splendor before he became this "helpless thing" that is still her son. The play is thus an ironic attack upon "the blood-fight and the battle front," but compare it as a document against war with "What Price Glory" and its weakness is revealed. Act one takes place in the Heegan home and is excellent. Act two shifts to the war zone, where the story is lost in a kind of poetic rhapsody that is at times lovely poetry and at others bitter satire, but at no time convincing drama. In a hospital ward at the close the story gathers itself together again and drama reappears, but Mr. O'Casey is off Irish soil and we are not convinced. O'Casey the poet is here in this play, and O'Casey the protesting thinker, but O'Casey the resplendent Irish playwright somehow or other has fallen down.

Mr. Laurence Oliver frankly announces his play, "Blind," as "A Play to be Read." Either he is over modest, or else despairs of the stage of to-day as a vehicle for spiritual messages. There is something fine and true and splendid about this play. It portrays the contrast between the precepts of Christianity and their present practice by those most authorized through position and training to be examples of love and tolerance. In addition it harks back to the basic principle of human life. It raises the question as to where the responsibility of a young mother lies who has a son born out of wedlock. Is it to herself? to conventional society? or to the child? In answering this question the author has recourse to the miraculous, a vision of the Nativity. This argument is unassailable in essence, but if the theme could have been developed without the use of symbolism the play would have been stronger. By the use of the miraculous Mr. Oliver nullifies the real characters he has so excellently drawn, and turns what might have been a searching social study into allegory. But as allegory, "Blind" has real beauty, and deserves a wide reading public. Nor is it impossible of production, in spite of the author's reticence. Under the right conditions, it should prove most effective, especially at the Christmas season.

And here is another play for Christmas. Quite in contrast to Mr. Oliver, the author of "Mr. Scrooge" dramatizes Dickens's "A Christmas Carol" with complete faith in the theatre, writing in his Foreword: "Perhaps it may be the theatre's part in the reconstruction of human consciousness taking place to demonstrate the very practical values of this love as the one sure way to the long sought peace on earth." Mr. Miller writes directly for the stage, and his play has been successfully performed at the Heckscher Theatre in New York. Children and grown-ups who love their Dickens will delight in meeting again their old friends Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim, and the cross old bear of a miser Scrooge, while those not so acquainted may be happily introduced to this undying Victorian morality with its tears and its smiles.

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Books of Special Interest

Child and Parent

THE PROBLEM CHILD AT HOME. By MARY BUELL SAYLES. New York: The Commonwealth Fund Division of Publications. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by ————

NO one who is familiar with the work of child guidance clinics can read this book without exclaiming with Pope: "What's often been thought, but ne'er so well expressed." The careful analysis of the parent-child and equally important (but sometimes forgotten) child-parent relationship, based not only on concrete experience but thorough search of the literature, is a very real contribution and should be of great use to all those interested in "thinking through" even the minor problems arising from these relationships.

In Part I, possibilities of conflict are sought in the interplay of the emotional needs of children—"need of security, need of a chance to grow up, need of a concrete ideal to grow toward, need of adult companionship at all stages of growth,"—with those of their parents. The emotional needs of the parents cannot be so simply stated:

> the extent to which their childhood needs were met as they arose, their whole later emotional history as adolescents and adults help to determine what satisfactions they shall seek in their first child; and their experiences with this and with each succeeding child progressively modify the demands they make upon later offspring. In general it may be said that these demands for emotional satisfaction are either such as the child can meet while satisfying his own emotional needs or that they interfere with the satisfaction of those needs, and hence with the child's normal development.

Unfortunate results of the satisfaction of normal parental love are found in "spoiling" (either because the child is a fascinating toy or because of illness), and in inconsistent discipline on the part of one parent or between parents, due to impulsiveness, ignorance, or lack of imagination. The satisfaction of exaggerated parental love, often based on unsatisfied adult love, is found to result in undue dependence of the child on one or both parents. "If we cannot train ourselves to put the satisfaction of seeing him—or her—grow strong and independent above any satisfaction in being turned to for help and consolation, we may be sure that there is danger ahead." Conflict due to the need for satisfaction of parental ideals arises chiefly in the educational field from two types of parents; first, those who are proud of their achievements or those of their family and want them equalled, and second, those who, denied education themselves, demand it for their children. Here again the child's need for freedom of development is at stake. Other sources of difficulty are found in the parents' impulse to dominate, and in favoritisms.

Part II is concerned with "Mistaken Ideas which Influence Parent-Child Relationships." The danger of training on principles carried over from the study of habit formation in animals, with its emphasis on the rigidity of habit rather than the greater adaptability of self-direction, is emphasized. The "parent who hedges his child around with innumerable prohibitions to action has very likely never reflected that he is making use of a system of taboos similar in principle to those which govern the lives of savages." Again, parents mistakenly look upon children as small adults, with complete incomprehension of what can justly be expected of them at the various stages of development. The chapter on ideas regarding sex development and sex practices has less that is "new" to offer, but treats the subject so rationally as to be valuable to those who have not been reached by other literature. The notion that a child owes gratitude to his parents is well refuted. If more parents could say "we brought you into the world for our own satisfaction, you never asked to be born," "fewer children would seek to shuffle off bonds, because they would no longer be felt as bonds." The chapter regarding mistaken ideas on heredity is a particularly valuable one, though brief.

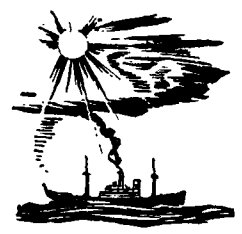
Part III dramatizes in "narratives" the discussion set forth above.

The word "problem" has come to have such an unfortunate connotation, it is to be regretted that it should have been given such prominence in the title. "Problem children" have been thought of by most parents as other people's children. The book really points out what every parent can learn about his relationship with his own child. The problem children studied simply bring into the light questions that arise in almost every case of child-management.

board the steamer "Candleshoe" with

WILLIAM McFEE

"She's a wreck!" says the Second. "I've been workin' my flamin' soul out with her and the more I do the more there is to do. She's seventeen years old, and a ship is like a woman. When she gets that age you never know *what* you'll find out about her."

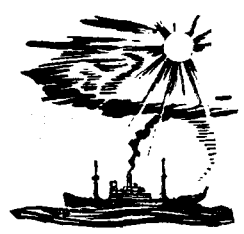


. . . Yes, she seems an unromantic old tub as she edges out of Glasgow, headed for the Caribbean, but strange adventure awaits her. Come up on the bridge and meet Captain Millerton. He has saved $1000 and bought his wife a boarding house—his chief ambition is to double his capital. The crew's mutinous complaints about the food show that he knows the value of a penny . . . Yet, caught by the glamour of the tropics he is to remember his violent, thriftless youth and risk his ship and his life for a woman. Or come below where the pistons plunge and the engines throb. Look at Mr. Barker the first engineer and Mr. Humphries the second. Hard cases, both of them. Mr. Humphries is a worthless sot, but Mr. Barker answers all complaints with "He has saved my life and I've hit him in the face many a time, Cap'en, and the less we say about him the better." . . .

. . . That young fellow is James Wishart, the third engineer. He imagines that his heart is broken—but a golden Spanish girl is to heal it and break it again in far-off Costaragua . . . Look at gray old Mr. Punshon, the chief mate. A happy failure with grown daughters to support, "He knew he was only a pawn in the game, too, but he had abandoned the attempt to be anything else." In the warm tropical evenings, he sits on the cabin skylight and sings "Abide with Me" to the disgust of his second, Mr. Harris, who fancies himself a lady killer. This rich, arrogant fellow climbing over the side in Havana habor is Don Orlando Perkins, and his visit is to effect tremendous changes in the lives of the men of the "Candleshoe." Wishart hears him say one word—"Yolanda"—and forgets the girl in Scotland

. . . Now the "Candleshoe" is running with lights extinguished along the coast of Costaragua—Costaragua, where the gigantic shadow of Don Francisco Striker the railway builder blots out the gallant but feeble efforts of Don Carlos the Liberator. And Yolanda is on board now.

. . . Here is "the mingling of the bloods, fermenting of sweet thoughts with strong desires—the beginning of new races—" here are living men and women in the emotional conflict of races—here are the fever-haunted shores of the Caribbean with their romance, their danger, their poisonous glamour—here is a book to read and re-read throughout the years—a worthy companion to CASUALS OF THE SEA and COMMAND.



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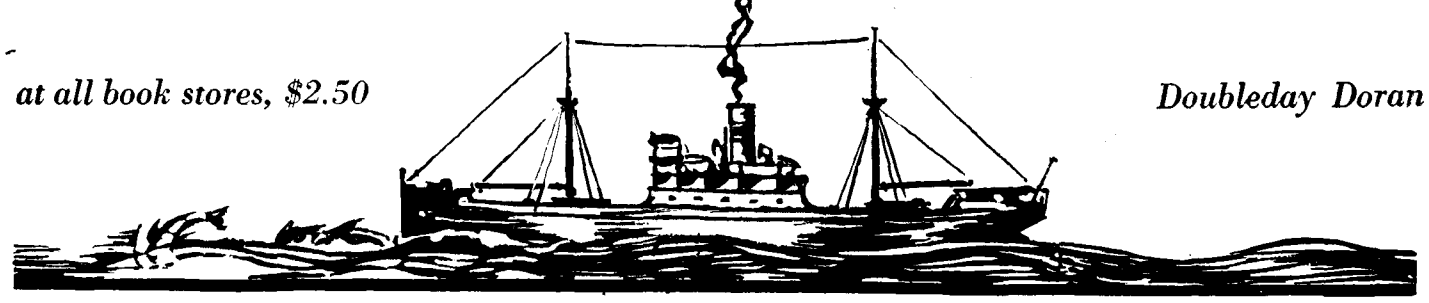
by William McFee



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THE NEW HUMAN INTEREST LIBRARY. Chicago: The Midland Press. 1928. 6 vols.

Reviewed by F. MARTIN BROWN

SIX volumes of liberal education written for children, a really different kind of encyclopedia that will keep them happily busy at all ages and in all weather! A staff of a hundred or so contributors have each written about his favorite subjects. The list of collaborators contains the names of many men and women who are the leaders in their chosen fields. Commander Byrd has written about Air Navigation; Lee S. Crandall and Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Park have told of the birds and animals as pets and in zoos. Earthquakes and volcanoes have been treated by a scientist who has spent many years living on the rim of the craters of Hawaii's volcanoes, Dr. Thomas Jaggar. Sir James Elder, former Commissioner to the United States from Australia, and Wallace Farrington, Governor of Hawaii, are typical of the group who built up the volume, "Around the World." The editors are to be complimented upon gathering such an array of noteworthy co-workers.

Volume I is entitled "The Child and His World." It is an excellent source book for keeping young children busy, and will be appreciated by parents and teachers. One of its beauties is that the print is large and children who can read will enjoy using it themselves. The second book is the "Story of Science" well told. Every field is brought out into the open and laid before the youthful eyes of the reader in thoroughly understandable diction and accompanied by excellent illustrations. Another virtue is that it is accurate and up to date. From Science we turn to the "Great Industries," and in this volume pick our way through the countless ways that man keeps busy. Agriculture, printing, mining, movie-making, are explained with thirty or more other craft in this, the third volume.

The remaining volumes devote themselves to the social side of the world. "Our Country in Romance" is the title of the next, and contains the highlights of our history told in an interesting narrative form that holds closely to the truth. The fifth volume proceeds to take us around the world and give to us a peek into the customs and peoples of all nations, beside telling something of what each has given to the world in general. In the last we meet "The Leaders of All Times," the heroes of the arts and the sciences, explorers and warriors. Here, too, are found a group of biographic sketches of great Americans. A very excellent table of leaders and leading events since 5000 B.C. brings the book to a close.

For those who wish to go more deeply there is appended to each volume an excellent bibliography covering the text. In all about five hundred books are so listed. The set is decidedly worth while for the library of a family of growing children and should be found in every Grammar, High, and Preparatory School Library.

This set represents a revision and very considerable extension of an older work.

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Edited by ANNE CARROLL MOORE, with Pictorial Pleasantries by JAMES DAUGHERTY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NEVER has an illustrator had more flourishing fun in the illustrating of a favorite old volume than has James Daugherty in embellishing a book that was the favorite of his youth. "It goes way back," he told Anne Carroll Moore, "to hearing my mother read bits of it when I was a ten-year-old boy out in Ohio." He therefore dedicates his drawings gracefully to his mother, and his "Artist's Salutation to Father Knickerbocker" that follows, phrases his conception of "Knickerbocker's History" as follows: "Corpulent fun oozing from aromatic vats of ample laughter. We quaff again your Catskill Vintage of mellow mirth, and in our sour, slangy fashion salute you as our own Special Swell Funmaker and Chronicler—Granddaddy of a glorious line of fooling, merry pen-men, gangsters, and wise-crackers of this our own Manhattan and no other city."

Then enters Miss Moore to explain how one morning in early spring Daugherty walked up Murray Hill and into the New York Public Library with his drawings, and prevailed upon her—it needed not much prevailing—to edit Irving's comic but authentic history of his Manhattan from its Dutch beginnings. The editing has been simply the deletion of several thousand words to make easy reading for those unfamiliar with the work. "There has been no rewriting or intrusion of editorial comment." The text is from the author's final revision in 1828 (the book was first conceived by Irving and his brother in Irving's early twenties). In 1913 Walter Scott wrote from Abbotsford to compliment Irving upon "the most excellently jocose history of New York," and referred back the style of the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker to that of Dean Swift.

Well, here are large pages with ample margins, large type, and a riot of lustily fantastic pen and ink drawings. This is certainly a book to charm a yongster. The early full-bodied, adventurous Dutch, with Mynheer Tough Breeches, with good St. Nicholas, with Oloffe the Dreamer and William the Testy, with Peter Stuyvesant and Gallows Dirk, and all the rest of a great gallery of figures of the time,—with quaint customs and manners of the early settlements,—form a book brimful of life and humor, of episode and racy description. It travels rapidly through early exploits and adventures. And, for all its comic intent, it is one of the foundation volumes necessary to an unpedantic view of a certain section of American history.

We aver that both editor and illustrator have done their work well. With Daugherty remains the glory for the inception of this volume, but Miss Moore has excised the original with taste and discretion, and yet without losing one atom of its best flavor. Irving is a classic American writer with whom the children of this age should have more than a perfunctory acquaintance, for his phrases and paragraphs have often an enduring life of their own. Perhaps from this book the child will go on to follow Irving in other fields, through the fascination of "The Alhambra" for instance. Here is a golden key to his treasure-house of prose.

GHOND THE HUNTER. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by CLYDE FISHER
American Museum of Natural History

THE recent award of the John Newbury Medal to "Gay-Neck" (The Story of a Pigeon), by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" of the year, has been warmly approved by librarians who take a real interest in juvenile books. All who have read that exquisite story will welcome another from the pen of the same author, and we believe that they will not be disappointed in this most recent one.

This is not only a fascinating animal story, but it is much more than that. It reflects the spirit of the jungle and the animal life there in a most convincing way. It also reflects the whole history of man in India. By reading it one gains an understanding of Hindu civilization and philosophy, but it is not technical or abstract. The author knows how to tell a story. He says, "But the abstract grows from the tree of boredom; monotony hangs like a fruit from its every bough, . . ." The narrative is personal and is effectively told. The quiet strength and wisdom of the author are evident all through.

In the first chapter Ghond says,

> Since I write rarely, if at all, I have sent for the scribe of our village. He tells me that he will charge me less per page since what I have to dictate is not going to be a love letter. You know very well, O boy of my training, scribes charge more for love letters because they have to be richly ornamented with numerous adjectives. And adjectives cost money.

The Hindu takes more time to live than does the occidental, and he has an interesting philosophy. Ghond's friend, Purohit,

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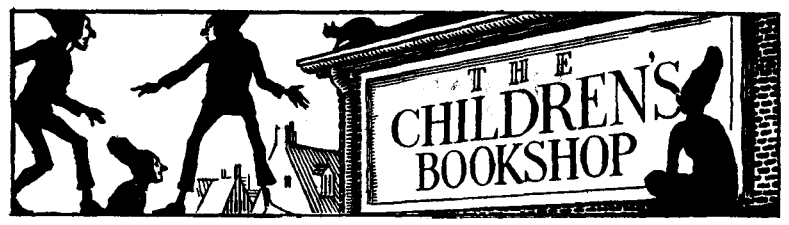


the village priest, opens a meeting with this old prayer:

"May understanding permeate our efforts,
May we never quarrel,
May God enjoy us."

And they believe that "religion" is necessary both for man and his younger brothers, the dumb souls whose speechlessness is more eloquent than man's "speech."

They believe we are all brothers—man and beast. The author states: "Fear is taught by grown-up men and beasts to their young. Once we learn to be afraid, we rarely shake off the habit, and I believe our fear frightens other beasts, causing them to attack us." "They (the beasts of prey) smell fear more quickly than you know . . ."

Incidentally we learn in the story of Ghond's education that all the so-called Arabic numerals that the whole world uses are not Arabic at all, but were invented by the ancient Hindus.

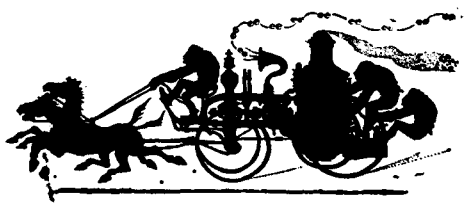
The hunter tells how he began to listen to Silence.

Have you ever heard silence? It is not stillness, which is the absence of sound. Silence is not empty, it is full of content. It is like the sky—intangible yet containing the stars, the sun, the moon, and all existence. That is Silence, and it is full of tongues.

On a journey Ghond stopped at Agra and spent two days at the Taj Mahal. He writes: "Shall I ever forget its marble majesty? Can I ever erase from my soul its exquisite and eternal sadness? The human race should be divided into two classes: namely those who have seen the Taj Mahal and those who have not." Further in his poetic description: "I would any time rather give up my adventures in the jungle than give up my first vision of the Taj Mahal that moonlit evening forty-five years ago."

This is truly a great story of the jungle and its inhabitants, the tiger, the cobra, the python, the mongoose, the elephant, the birds, and the human animals. The author is not only a hunter, he is a poet who loves beauty. The story is in prose, but it is poetic prose. The literary value, in the opinion of a naturalist, is much above that of the average juvenile book.

The illustrations are by Boris Artzybasheff, who made those for "Gay-Neck" (The Story of a Pigeon), and they are just as beautiful and striking.



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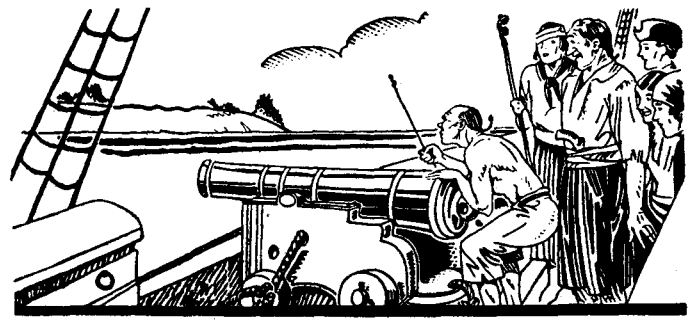

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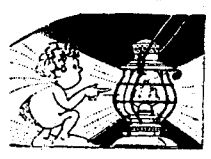

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Foreign Literature

Segments of French Life

REINE D'ARBIEUX. By JEAN BALDE. Grand prix du roman, Académie française. Paris: Plon. 1928.

PIQUE-PUCE. By LOUIS CHAFFURIN. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 1928.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

IF one were satisfied to know the French people merely through the medium of fiction, these two novels would go far towards accomplishing that purpose. For they picture two representative segments of the population: the landed bourgeoisie of the provinces and the lower middle class of the city—the one torturing itself with petty social prejudices and caste conventions, the other being tortured by the struggle for an honest living. By these two widely divergent pictures of French life the reader gains an insight not only into the soul of the two classes, but into the soul of the people, the racial character.

Jean Balde, the much-crowned novelist—of ten books published five received prizes and three of them from the venerable Academy—places the reader at once *in medias res.* In the very first chapter at an afternoon party on the terrace of La Font-de-Bonne, the estate of Mme. de Fondespan, he makes us acquainted with the chief actors in his society drama, surrounded by a chorus of minor characters. As they enter and move about and speak, their mutual relations and their characters reveal themselves, as if everything were happening before our eyes—without the medium of the narrator. It is done with the simplicity, the lucidity, and the dignity of the classical novel.

The commanding figure in the gathering is Madame de Fondespan, who after twenty years of conjugal infelicity had been relieved of her tyrannical husband by death, had locked into a camphor-strewn wardrobe his clothes, his panama, and his cane, had never again mentioned his name, and was managing her property with clear head and firm hand. But the interest centers on her niece, Reine, and two men.

They form an interesting trio: Reine, who has inherited from her father his artistic temperament, emotional, sensitive, impulsive; Regis, self-conscious, passive, accepting with a sort of fatalism the defection of his ambitions and the renunciation of his love dream; and Germain, awkward, brusk of manner, of violent passions, and a will dominating all that come in contact with him. Later in the story appears Adrien Bernos, warped by his father's fate, impenetrable, enigmatic. He had abandoned his studies when the war broke out, had come back from three years of German prisons and puzzled the neighborhood by having accepted a position from the son of the man who had wronged his father.

The atmosphere of some scenes in the story is heavy with the burden of words unspoken. The dramatic high-lights are furnished by Germain's temper: the automobile ride which causes her miscarriage, his brutal treatment of her when he doubts her conjugal loyalty. But the climax is the scene in Bordeaux, between Adrien and Reine; the author's analysis of her sentiments and thoughts is admirable. The events so far follow with an inevitable logic. Only the last two chapters are not quite convincing. Perhaps they are comprehensible only to the French.

* *

The hero of Louis Chaffurin's novel is a tailor of Lyons, Benoit Desmarès, nicknamed Pique-Puce, an honest, capable worker at his trade, a good husband and father of a bright girl, who, like her mother, helps with his work. But M. Paul Bastian, tenor at the Grand Opera, and other prominent customers of M. Benoit, Marchand-Tailleur, do not give a thought to the big bills for fine broadcloth, serge, satin linings, and other expensive material which he has to pay promptly; they hold him off with promises, and Pique-Puce, who is something of an idealist, has faith in them and runs into debt. That is the situation in his humble home at the beginning of the story. But with what good nature, what humor he meets all the reverses that follow! A strikingly realistic figure and one of racial significance is Pique-Puce.

The friendly intercourse with the family of Madame Mollard, Modiste, relieves the strain under which the Desmarès labor. Both families bring up their children as "petit bourgeois"; Louise Desmarès and Joanne Mollard are not allowed to play with other children, so they become inseparable in spite of a difference of five years. Chaffurin knows the child-soul.

There are scenes in the story that call for the brush of a Teniers. Such is the New Year's wake at the Venturinis, a former ballet-dancer and her husband, member of the opera chorus. Chaffurin paints realistic pictures of this world, but he does not drag in unnecessary sordid details. His characters are convincing. Chaffurin epitomizes in his book the life of the plain people of France, whom the tourists are not likely to become acquainted with, and makes his poor tailor of Lyons stand for a type of his class and of his whole race.

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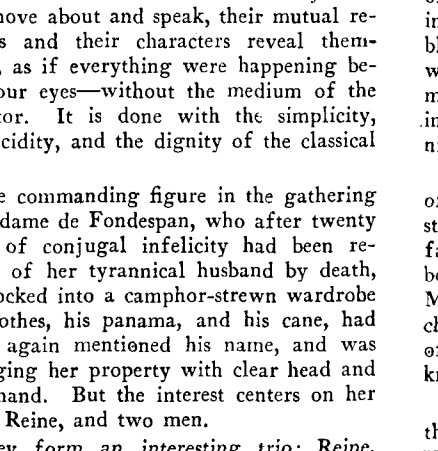

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Foreign Literature

A Mexican Tale

EL AGUILA Y LA SERPIENTE. By MARTÍN LUIS GUZMÁN. Madrid: M. Aguilar. 1928.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

Author of "Mexico and Its Heritage"

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ'S articles about Mexico, printed in the American press early in 1920 and published in their original tongue as "El Militarismo Mejicano," contained a promise to write a novel about Mexico. The title would be "El Aguila y la Serpiente"—an eagle holding a serpent in its claws being the Mexican emblem. Don Vicente indicated with gusto that to this larger purpose his devastating articles about Mexican militarism were merely an *apéritif*. He never carried out his promise—or threat.

Less than a year after his death, Martin Luis Guzmán, Mexican journalist and *folletista*, has written a story (one avoids with difficulty calling it a novel) of the Mexican Revolution with the above title. It is loosely hung on the autobiography of a civilian who went through the chaos and reached eminence in successive Revolutionary régimes. Later he intrigued with the De La Huerta rebellion, fled to New York in the customary manner as one of its agents (I interviewed him the night of his arrival in one of the hotels which Latin-American *juntas* frequent) and, finding that he had backed the wrong horse, remained in exile. The whole scenario, even to his subsequent necessity of writing for a livelihood—to which we owe this opus—is part of the Mexican Revolutionary rhythm, including the writer's new-found ability to discriminate between fair and foul, and, as retrospective commentator, to gauge moral values of which he was oblivious as an actor in the drama.

Witness his allusion to "the Mexican sport of civil war"; his analysis of intra-Revolutionist differences of principle: "At bottom it all simmered down to the struggle—eternal among Mexicans—of groups, plural, desirous of seizing the power, which is singular." And in portraying a fellow-Revolutionist: "He was one of the few . . . who felt the Revolutionary tragedy: the impossibility of not siding morally with the Revolution, and the material and psychological impossibility of achieving through it the good and immense result that was needed." Elsewhere he describes the lavish breakfasts which he and his fellow liberators consumed at the Hotel McAlpin, their gay nights along Broadway, and with that admirably detached irony of the *politico* whose right cerebral lobe is fully conscious of what his left hand abstracts: "We were sincere Revolutionists . . . no doubt of it!"

In his descriptions of Mexican events Guzmán writes with the realism of a Zola and the relentless pathos and fatality of Gorky and Andreieff: The massacre by Villa's lieutenant, Rodolfo Fierro, of three-hundred prisoners, *Orozquiztas* (followers of Pascual Orozco, originally *Maderista*, who turned counter-Revolutionist). They were driven, cattle fashion, a few at a time, from one *corral* into another, human targets, until the mounting—and thus protecting—pile of human bodies called for increasing ingenuity by the butcher-in-chief. This and kindred horrors are told unsparingly but with a restraint and diction that reveal a new star in the Hispanic literary firmament.

Here is Mexico's Revolution from within—with all its gluttony and gore, its mute suffering, its heroisms. The book reads like a novel, because, indeed, the Mexican truth is stranger, to our twentieth century consciousness, than fiction. Its historical value as source material is considerable, for it discloses the motives and methods of many principals in the national drama over which still hangs the acrid smell of powder and blood. It is to the hitherto almost unchronicled turmoil of Mexican Revolution what "La Débacle" was to the Franco-Prussian War. In a word, it is a masterpiece.

Colonel Lawrence, author of "Revolt in the Desert," who is now an aircraftsman in India, denies that he is bringing out a new book on the East under a *nom de plume*.

The last volume of a work of fiction begun as long ago as 1908 and carrying its tale of society and love through six volumes has just been issued in René Behaine's "Les Yeux de l'Esprit" (Grasset). Over a period of twenty years the "Histoire d'une Société" has been appearing, and gradually has been winning recognition as one of the most remarkable of recent French works of fiction. As it has developed it has become rather than a portrayal of society an inquiry into the nature of first love,—a portrayal of delicacy, charm, and rare understanding.

Readers who know Jakob Wassermann only as a novelist will be interested in getting a glimpse of him as an essayist. His latest volume, "Lebensdienst" (Grethlein), is a collection of essays and studies which are illuminating as the expression of a personality and a point of view.

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Points of View

Literary News

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In spite of the increased number of our literary journals, there still seems to be one task left undone both by your magazine and by its contemporaries. That task is the furnishing of a brief column of news about contemporary writers.

Contemporary valuations of books have frequently proved wrong when compared with the verdict of time. Hence many second-rate critics, careful of their prestige, have dealt almost wholly with the established past. But more courageous critics realize that time is merely an artificial term which can be analyzed into many parts, and that each part is some man who, by praise or blame or actual publication, keeps alive some book. Courageous critics, then, do not attempt to stand apart from the verdicts of time, but play their parts as minute-men of time, best qualified to see and judge the contemporary scene.

To such courageous critics to-day has been added the strength of modern business methods, and our various book clubs are the result. Formerly the critic wrote a thousand words on a book; and of the relatively few persons who read his review, still fewer had inclination and money enough to purchase the book. The unanimously critical ballyhoo in recent years for Melville and Stephen Crane did not result in popularly priced publication of more than one book by each man. Nine-tenths of their works are as scarce and as little in demand as before. But the clubs—four general ones, and the specialized ones on poetry, religion, free thought, crime, and juveniles—can secure the purchase of nearly 200,000 books every month. The contemporary critic—there must be at least forty on club committees—can deal in deeds instead of words. Many more persons will purchase the books which he recommends than would read any article he might write in criticism of those books.

This one duty of contemporary criticism is to-day fulfilled better than ever before. But the second duty, that of recording facts, is badly neglected.

Take the files of half a dozen weeklies and monthlies that deal largely or wholly with literature. Look through them for some simple but important facts—for instance, the dates of the deaths of Thomas Hardy, Anatole France, and Hermann Sudermann. Each death produced a flood of appreciations and memoirs. But you will not find the simple facts about the time and place and cause of their deaths recorded in our magazines.

You can find those items in the newspapers. But for three reasons, newspapers are inadequate in such matters. Almost all of them are not printed on durable paper. Hence they are not bound and preserved in most libraries, and are not easily available for research. And finally, literary news (except scandals) rarely "makes" the daily papers; at best it results in whimsical accounts of tea parties.

Here are some questions which contemporary writers of literature have not answered adequately either in magazines or in newspapers: What were the exact circumstances of Bierce's going to Mexico? When did Booth Tarkington's daughter die? When did Dreiser sail for Russia and how long did he stay there? What newspapers does Sherwood Anderson edit? With what colleges has Robert Frost been connected, and when? When and in what circumstances did Charlotte Mew die? Where are Hugh Walpole, Ford Madox Ford, and Carl Sandburg at any given moment?

Do these questions seem trivial and silly? They are exactly the sort of questions that earnest researchers work years on and write articles about, in order to gain degrees, fame, and higher salaries. Here is a similar list of "scholarly" questions: What were the exact circumstances of Poe's entering West Point? When did Swift's Stella die? When did Whitman go to New Orleans and what experiences had he on the trip? How many pieces of real estate did John Milton sell? With what stock company was William Shakespeare connected, and when? When and in what circumstances did Christopher Marlowe die? Where were Homer, Chaucer, and Oscar Wilde at any given moment?

Wiser men than I say that such facts are important in literary study. If so, the magazines are neglecting a vital part of their duty. Opinions on books may be wrong and contrary to the verdict of time. But facts about writers, if wrong, can be immediately corrected. And such collections of facts in durable, bound magazines scattered through the libraries of the land, might perhaps change future literary studies from a species of detective work to the reading and furthering of good books.

I plead for columns of literary news in our magazines. W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa.

The Crime Story

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Thanks for your editorial in a recent issue entitled, "Throw Out the Detective."

Only why not go a little further and make it "Throw Out the Crime Story"?

Of what earthly use is the so-called mystery or crime story that makes a hero out of a criminal or interests the reader in the criminal inclinations of fictional personages? I can't see them. I find them stupid and silly, and I can't help wondering if the present vogue is not, to some extent, the result of clever propaganda. Some people like to be in the mode. Raus mit the mystery fake yarn!

ARTHUR G. PEACOCK.

Jamaica, N. Y.

Miss Sidgwick

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

To those of us who have been reading and enjoying Miss Ethel Sidgwick's books for nearly fifteen years, it was a bit painful to have your reviewer in the issue of November 17 refer to her constantly as *Mrs.* Sidgwick. And still more painful was his apparent implication. I admit that he did not say it directly—that she was a disciple of Margaret Kennedy. Long before Margaret Kennedy wrote "The Constant Nymph," the arrival of a new volume by Ethel Sidgwick, introducing us to more of her delightfully human people, was something that brought a fresh joy to life.

Your reviewer could not have been ignorant of this, but he fails to make it clear in his review. Nor does he refer to a fact that Miss Sidgwick's readers would have been interested to know, that this is the second appearance of most of the characters, who had already been introduced in "Laura." PRISCILLA OSBORN.

Washington, D. C

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE HUMAN FORM IN ART. By F. R. YERBURY. Marshall Jones. 1928.

The title of the book would suggest an encyclopedic scope. Actually the subject is more modest—the use of the model in advertising design. There are about ninety half-tone cuts of nude models, single or grouped, and the text is largely confined to suggestions by which these photographs may serve as the basis for effective commercial design. The merit of the method can only be weighed by a practitioner of commercial art, which your reviewer is not. In any other form of art, to consult the model before the design had been conceived would be to put the cart before the horse. In advertising art it may be otherwise. The book is well printed, the cuts clearly made from carefully chosen moleds, with a minimum of that disagreeableness with which the camera ordinarily invests the human altogether.

Belles Lettres

THE ESSAYS OF MICHAEL, LORD OF MONTAIGNE. Dutton. 3 vols. $10.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, OR DAVID COPPERFIELD. By *Robert Benchley*. Holt. $2.

Biography

TAMERLANE THE EARTH SHAKER. By HAROLD LAMB. McBride. 1928. $4.

This, a companion volume to the author's recent book on "Genghis Khan," narrates the history of the other great Asiatic world conqueror. It is based on a variety of authorities ancient and modern, and gives something of the atmosphere of the Oriental world and of the fourteenth century. Whether any one can explain Tamerlane to the western mind is another question. His pyramid of skulls is merely the biggest one of the kind, and his military genius is still an unsolved problem. The volume is well illustrated and makes interesting reading.

SAMUEL PEPYS. By *Arthur Ponsonby*. Macmillan. $1.25.

TIBERIUS CÆSAR. By *G. P. Baker*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON IMPORTANT OCCASIONS. By *Samuel Richardson*. Dodd, Mead. $4.

MARY SHELLEY. By *Richard Church*. Viking. $2.

RACHEL. By *James Agate*. Viking. $2.

THE LIFE AND WRITING OF JOHN BUNYAN. Harpers. $2.

STALKY'S REMINISCENCES. By *Major General L. C. Dunsterville*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE LETTERBOOK OF SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE. Edited by *Sybil Rosenfeld*. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

MEMORIES OF A NUN. By *Denis Diderot*. Brentanos. $4.

THE LETTERS OF DOROTHY OSBORNE TO WILLIAM TEMPLE. Edited by *G. C. Moore Smith*. Oxford University Press. $7.

LIFE AND TIMES OF C. R. DAS. By *Prithwis Chandra Ray*. Oxford University Press. $5.

MEMORIES OF THE DUC DE LAUZUN. Translated by *C. K. Scott Moncrieff*. Brentanos. $4.

Drama

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1927-1928. Edited by BURNS MANTLE. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $3.

Once again the indefatigable Burns Mantle has performed for the theater the service that Edward J. O'Brien so untiringly performs each year for the short story. In this volume, which is the ninth of his annual collections of "Best Plays," Mr. Mantle chooses for inclusion from the season just past, "Strange Interlude," "The Royal Family," "Burlesque," "Coquette," "Behold the Bridegroom," "Porgy," "Paris Bound," "Escape," "The Racket," and "The Plough and the Stars." There is room for quarrel with the selection, as there always is in such a list. Objections may be raised against "Behold the Bridegroom" and "The Racket," in favor of "Marco Millions," "Maya," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Twelve Thousand," or any other candidate which personal preference may nominate. But no one can fail to be grateful to Mr. Mantle for the rôle he so ably undertakes as statistician to each year's theater. His own chronicle of "The Season in New York" is as direct as it is helpfully reminded. Against it, it is interesting to read the subsequent records by Virginia Dale and George C. Warren of the seasons in Chicago and San Francisco.

The great value of Mr. Mantle's book, however, is not in its signed summaries of past events, or even its condensation of the ten "best plays." It lies, instead, in the rich data the volume affords. It is his inclusion of the full casts for each production of the year, the number of the performances each play has achieved, the date on which it opened and the theater at which it played, the complete facts of the Little Theater Tournament, the statistical summary of the season, the list of plays "that have run over five hundred performances on Broadway," the birthplace and birth dates (perhaps not so accurate) of prominent actors, and the "necrology," the sad department with which the volume ends that makes it indispensable both for the worker in the theater, and the out-of-town playgoer who wants to keep up with what he may not have had the chance to see.

EVA LE GALLIENNE CIVIC REPERTORY PLAYS. Edited by *Miss Le Gallienne*. Norton. $3.50.

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE. By *George C. D. Odell*. Vols. III and IV. Columbia University Press.

YOUNG LOVE. By *Samson Raphaelson*. Brentanos. $2.

THOMAS HEYWARD. By *Otelia Cromwell*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

BETWEEN FAIRS. By *Wilfrid Gibson*. Macmillan.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF DRAMATIC ART. By *Donald Clive Stuart*. Appleton. $6.

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLOS. Translated by *Sir Henry Sharp*. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER. By *Allison Gaw* and *Ethelean Tyson Gaw*. Longsmans, Green. $1.50.

Fiction

SECOND EDEN. By FLORENCE WARD. Macrae Smith. 1928. $2.50.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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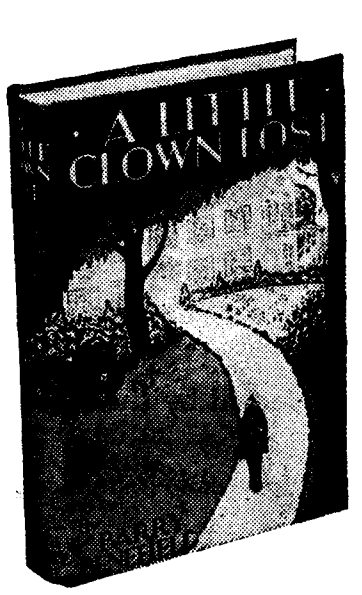

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

as possible for material, or when they stay at home find it fashionable to scoff at Main Street, it is refreshing to read a straightforward, objective story of a small town woman who finds no cause for self pity in her lot, and who takes life very directly with considerable courage and zest. Small town journalism, small town politics and ethics, are Miss Ward's materials, and she makes them very much alive.

Humor is totally lacking, and Miss Ward is an example of the hideous enslavement to the *cliché*. There are sentences, even whole pages, which should simply be struck out. The plot is obvious—the devoted wife and happy family, the sudden discovery of the husband's infidelity, the faithful friend-of-the-husband, worshipping in loyal silence. The husband gets his due, the friend's lifetime devotion is rewarded, and in this case the happy couple go off to start all afresh on another newspaper. But there is considerable feeling for character, and a satisfying, detailed, but not dragged-in reality of background, which comes from knowledge of the subject in hand.

THE WORLD I SAW. By ANNA SHANNON MONROE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

The world this lady saw was that through which she passed while making her way upward as a novelist and as the author of articles and short stories in widely circulated magazines. She came unheralded to Chicago for her start, there soon had a first book accepted, and while awaiting the fate of numerous fiction manuscripts which she sent to popular Eastern periodicals, earned her living as a free-lance contributor to the daily press. Success shone permanently upon her when Theodore Dreiser, then editing the *Delineator*, bought twelve articles from her dealing with business women's careers. There soon followed flattering receptions from *Good Housekeeping*, the mighty Bok, Mr. Lorimer, and other editorial moguls, which proved that she had positively arrived to stay. We have found her cheerful, unpretentious reminiscences agreeable and entertaining, but that portion of her book which dwells upon the author's life of several years ago in Chicago and her associations with the Press Club of that city, seemed to us decidedly the most interesting.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN SCARABS. By DIOMEDES DE PEREYRA. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

Besides other merits, this unusual South American adventure tale has the distinction of being written by one of the very few men who has penetrated and explored the

(*Continued on page 526*)

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

L. O., Palo Alto, California, says, "I should be glad of a list of standard books on the subject of demonology and animism, with some indication of their cost."

THE reader who begins a tour of witchcraft books with "The Witch Cult in Western Europe," by M. A. Murray (Oxford University Press), is fortified against an error to which many modern readers are prone. Because the phenomena of "bewitchment" are handily explicable by modern psychiatry, it is often hastily assumed that the whole thing was only wholesale hallucination and hysterics. Now, that men and women, young and old, were ever really witches one may be permitted to doubt, but many men and women certainly thought they were; that witches ever did any damage with waxen images and incantations one may cheerfully deny, but one must admit that many of them tried to. That they flew through the air to Sabbats we need not credit, but they were going to them on Long Island as late as the 'forties, when the father of a friend of mine was taken by his nurse to peep through the cracks of a deserted barn and watch a circle of elderly ladies dancing widdershins around the "head-devil," a masked man in a woman's petticoat, playing the fiddle—to the end of his days the boy could whistle that tune. The dance concluded, they withdrew decorously enough to Connecticut, no doubt to New Haven, for there was a coven nearby—or was it Hartford? I cannot admit the statement of one of his family's servants that they crossed the Sound by changing a bone into a boat, though his account of finding the bone buried in the sand ready for a return-trip is quite precise. There certainly was a well-defined ritual of witchcraft, an extraordinary and fascinating survival: the ceremonies of the Sabbat, of the Beltane celebrated in John Buchan's "Witch Wood"—where they are performed by a strong delegation from the local Presbyterian church—are ancient, however dishonorable. They are, according to Prof. Murray, debased forms of the prehistoric earth-worship that took to earth when Christianity invaded and conquered Europe. Their fertility-rites, come down from a day before agriculture, are celebrated at the turns of the pastoral year.

One could, of course, begin with the "History of Witchcraft and Demonology," or the huge "Geography of Witchcraft" (Knopf), authoritative works on demonology by the Reverend Montague Summers, but while he knows all about witches, he also quite clearly believes in them—warlock, stock, and barrel. Of the Rev. Montague Summers I know nothing more than his books, but having read these with some care, I think his mind must be one of the most interesting anachronisms of modern times. Not long since he translated the "Demonology" of Ludovico Maria Sinistrari, published in a limited edition by the Fortune Press, and this summer the "Malleus Maleficarum" noticed above. The "Dæmonologie" of King James I, another earnest witch-fighter, is one of the Bodley Head Quartos published by Dutton. William Roughead's story of James's dark adversary, black Bothwell, the "head devil" of his day, is told in "The Rebel Earl" (Dutton), which one might not guess from title or appearance to be as neat a demon-story as one would wish.

The reader content with a popular "general survey" can find it in "The Mysteries and Secrets of Magic," by C. J. S. Thompson (Lippincott), which runs from ancient times to the present amulet-sellers on Oxford-street, and has charms, pentagrams, magic squares, and exorcisms enough to bring in or put out any number of spirits, granted the proper ingredients and conditions. I learned from this book that the famous sorcerer, Doctor Dee, had his laboratory just where I lived last summer, "between Mortlake Church and the Thames"; it was not in our house, for that was not built before 1690 and it was around 1570 that Queen Elizabeth used to drop in on her way from hunting in Richmond Park and consult his celebrated "black mirror." He showed it her once against the wall of the church, across from my window, and in the church he now lies buried—not, I notice, being shown off to visitors. The air in our garden was clear of phantoms all summer: what magician could hold out against three hundred years of Mortlake bells ringing the changes over his head?

A popular work now out of print was Moncure D. Conway's "Demonology and Devil Lore"; a more recent one is J. W. Wickwar's "Witchcraft and the Black Art" (McBride). "Animism," by E. Clodd, is in the "Religions Ancient and Modern" series published by the Open Court, and G. W. Gilmore's "Aninism" is published by Marshall Jones. One may go up several branch roads of the subject without getting out of the English language: "The Pagan Bible," compiled by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie (Platonist Press), is an anthology of the soul of man and its helpers according to the ancients, from Hesiod to Dionysius the Areopagite; in a little pamphlet, "Negotium perambulans in tenebris" (Oxford), Paul Perdrizet collects "études de démonologie Græco-Orientale"; "Devil Worship," by I. Joseph (Badger), is "the sacred books and traditions of the Yezidiz," and Revell publishes "Satan, his Personality, Power, and Overthrow," by E. M. Bounds, and "Spiritism and the Fallen Angels in the Light of the Old and New Testaments," by J. M. Gray. "Are Mediums Really Witches?" by John Touey, is one of the books reviewed in the latest Benchley, "David Copperfield, or, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (Holt), for which I have had my ear to the ground for some time, but as any book used by Robert Benchley for one of his serious book-reviews promptly takes on thereby an airy incredibility, I am not at all certain that there is really such a volume. If there is, according to the notice it must be nice and creepy. "Masks and Demons," by Kenneth MacGowan and Herman Rosse (Harcourt, Brace), is concerned as much with stagecraft as with witchcraft.

With "Irish Witchcraft and Demonology," by St. John Seymour (Oxford), we enter a new and fertile field. Are there not witches in the two volumes of "Visions and Beliefs of the West of Ireland" (Putnam), collected by Lady Gregory and William Butler Yeats? I cannot now say, for when I lent the book to a family retainer, some time since, she told me it was not right for me to have it back, because I did not believe in the Shee. So she gave me an extra copy of the "Glories of Mary" for it, and having thus ransomed the Little People from under the hand of the unbeliever, retired from domestic service and took the book with her—and I have never felt it quite polite to get another copy.

Goodspeed's in Boston publishes the three-volume "Witchcraft Delusion in New England," and "Annals of Witchcraft in New England and Elsewhere in the United States," both compiled by S. G. Drake. "Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases, 1648-1706" are in the series of original historical narratives issued by Scribner. "Salem Witch Trials," by W. N. Gemmill, comes from McClung. There is a "Philosophy of Witchcraft," by F. Watson (Appleton), and by all means read the chapters on the subject in Lea's history of the Inquisition. It was here that first I read the statistics of Nicholas Rémy, witch-judge of Lorraine, who based his book on 900 cases executed in fifteen years; the total number executed in Germany in the seventeenth century is estimated at 100,000, France somewhat less, though Henry of Navarre had a heavy hand at it; there were 30,000 victims in Great Britain, Scotland being especially given to it.

One may watch Scotch witches in action in John Buchan's remarkable novel, "Witch Wood" (Houghton Mifflin), as reliable as any of the works of reference. An English village does its spiriting more gently in Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Lolly Willowes" (Viking), and there is a deadly magic in her admirable short story, "The Maze," which makes its first appearance as one of the luxurious type-specimens with which the current volume of "The Fleuron" (Doubleday, Doran) is embellished. The very title of H. S. Gorman's novel tells a tale, "The Place Called Dagon" (Doran), but one must go deeper to get the symbolism of "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg," Louis Bromfield's recent experiment in demonology (Stokes). There is a collection of "Devil Stories" (Knopf) compiled by M. J. Rudwin, but the most touching story in which a demon lover appears is "A Mirror for Witches," a story of old New England by Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin) that no sympathetic reader is likely to forget.

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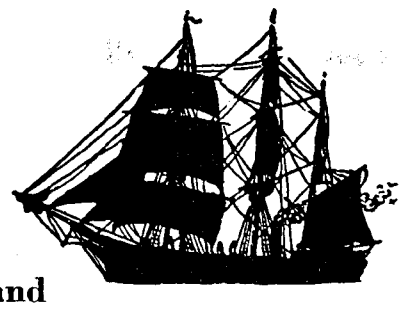

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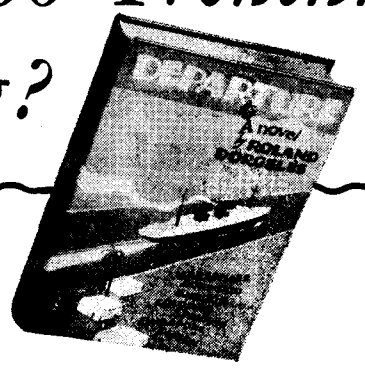

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 524)

vast, western Brazilian wilderness in which the action takes place. That jungle immensity east of Peru, bounded on the south by the Madera River, is known to have held a kingdom of the ancient Incas and to have been the land of the Spanish conquerors' fabulous gold-mines. Two engineers of an American mining corporation undertake the perilous journey across that region for the purpose of mapping it and discovering the potentialities of the extinct mines for being worked anew. It is the story of their extraordinary experiences on that quest which fills almost the entire book, and we recommend it to those readers of adventure fiction who seek novelty, authenticity of description, and intensely thrilling narrative.

THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS. By ROBERT KEABLE. Putnam's. 1928.

There is nothing remarkable in "Though This Be Madness," but we can find release from reality for a couple of hours as we follow John Henry Montague-Smith in his revolt against the restraints of his schoolmaster's life. The chief interest of the novel is the exposition of the young man's unorthodox ideas on pedagogy. It is too bad that at the end of the narrative Montague-Smith's ideals go smash in the face of a job lost, and high revolt wilts into meek acceptance of tradition. Mr. Keable's chapters that take the action into North Africa are diverting, although they hardly seem to belong to this particular novel. Furthermore, he does well with the voyage of the decrepit *The Queen of Carthage* and with the little prostitute that Monty found on board. Although in no way first-class, the novel is often lightly entertaining.

DENMARK'S BEST STORIES. Edited by *Hanna Astrup Larsen*. Norton. $2.50.

THE SINGING GOLD. By *Dorothy Cottrell*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

SWANN'S WAY. By *Marcel Proust*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

THE GOLDEN ASS. By *Lucius Apuleius*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA. By *Arnold Zweig*. Viking. $2.50.

THE DOUBLE. By *Edgar Wallace*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

ENTER SIR JOHN. By *Clemence Dane* and *Helen Simpson*. Cosmopolitan.

THE SPACIOUS ADVENTURE OF THE MAN IN THE STREET. By *Eimar O'Duffy*. Macmillan.

THE JOY PEDDLER. By *A. H. Shoenfeld*. Privately printed, Pennel Press, New York.

Juvenile

(*For Children's Bookshop, see page* 518)

Poetry

THE *AMERICA* BOOK OF VERSE. Edited by FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S. J. New York: The *America* Press. 1928.

An anthology devoted to poems which have appeared in one national Catholic magazine, *America*, cannot be compared with the more typical anthologies. Its horizon is deceivingly close. However, for a special group of readers the editor's object is admirable and it is undoubtedly fulfilled. Though there are not many notable poems in this collection, there are some that repay the moment's leisure, among which are those by Thomas Butler Feeney, Aline Kilmer, Sister M. Eleanore, Katharine Tynan, Francis Carlin.

THE LYRIC SOUTH. Edited by ADDISON HIBBARD. Macmillan. 1928. $2.50.

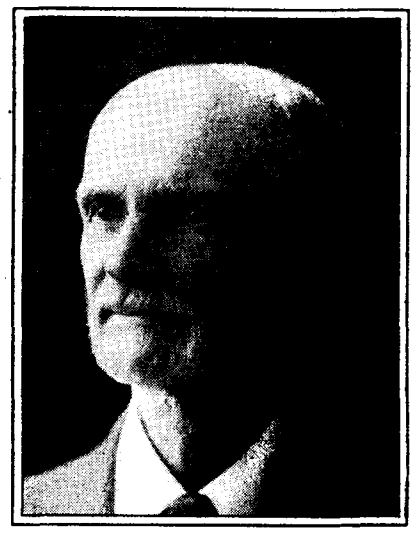
The editor, with taste and academic modesty and a slight humor, has collected a number of the best poems by contemporary Southern writers. "The old order is changing," says Dean Hibbard. Dead is the South of tradition. Southern conventionalism, sectionalism, conservatism are fading beside the clearer, livelier lights of modern life and thought. These poets still estab-

(*Continued on page* 531)

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 49. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best rendering into modern American prose vernacular of Mark Antony's oration from "Julius Cæsar." Entries must not exceed 400 words, but the whole oration need not necessarily be translated. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of December 31.)



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In common with Herbert Hoover, Ambassador Morrow, and scores of other noted statesmen and financiers, Gamaliel Bradford enjoys good mystery stories. The creator of the "psychographical" method of biography recently read Hulbert Footner's new book of Madame Storey tales, and issues the following statement:

"'The Velvet Hand' by Footner has given me a great deal of satisfaction. The last two stories, 'The Pot of Pansies' and 'The Legacy Hounds,' are especially well worked up and thrilling.

"The attraction of the book is chiefly Madame Storey, whose acquaintance I am ashamed to say I had not made before. In the horde of varied followers of Sherlock Holmes she is a really novel and original figure, and when one is infinitely fed up with the long series of those who are by no means so, one has an extreme relish for the innovation."

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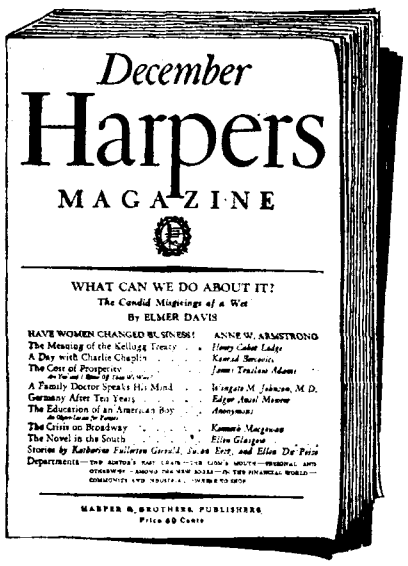
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In the Library

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

FROM the oriels, one by one,
Slowly fades the setting sun;
On the marge of afternoon
Stands the new-born crescent-moon;
In the twilight's crimson glow
Dim the quiet alcoves grow;
Drowsy-lidded Silence smiles
On the long, deserted aisles;
Out of every shadowy nook
Spirit faces seem to look.
Some with smiling eyes, and some
With a sad entreaty dumb;—
He who shepherded his sheep
On the wild Sicilian steep,
He above whose grave are set
Sprays of Roman violet;—
Poets, sages—all who wrought
In the crucible of thought.
Day by day as seasons glide
On the great eternal tide,
Noiselessly they gather thus
In the twilight beauteous,
Hold communion each with each,
Closer than our earthly speech,
Till within the east are born
Premonitions of the morn!

A De Vinne Exhibition

ON the evening of November 15 the Grolier Club inaugurated an exhibition of the work of Theodore L. De Vinne by a meeting of the Club in his memory. Mr. Ira Brainerd spoke at some length on De Vinne and his work, an entertaining and loyal tribute by one who had known De Vinne intimately for many years. Mr. J. W. Bothwell and Mr. J. C. Oswald also spoke.

De Vinne was one of the founders of the Grolier Club, served it in numerous ways, and printed for it a very large number of its publications. In connection with the one hundredth anniversary of his birth the Club has arranged an exhibition of his work, which is now on display at 47 East 60th Street, and is open to the public. It should be seen by all interested in printing, both for its own sake and as a corrective for the present hideous tendencies in printing—tendencies which are not new, which have before now infested the craft, and which will again be lived down.

De Vinne's work shown here includes early memorabilia connected with the firm of Francis Hart & Co., and the De Vinne company; the historical writings, including the "Invention of Printing," the series called "The Practice of Typography," and other works; pages from the *Century Magazine* and the Century Dictionary; books printed for the Grolier Club; and books printed for other clients. Notable for size and importance are the Book of Common Prayer, and the Jade book.

The most notable feature about these books of yesterday, however, is the complete mastery of the technique of printing which they show. De Vinne was distinctly the Master Printer. This stands out above his work as a scholar, as a designer of books, as a book collector. He maintained for many years in New York city a large and important printing-office, where he dealt continually with clients and with workmen. He managed a printing-office where the quality of work was so successfully maintained on a high plane as to give it a commanding position in this country and Europe. And his active interest in the national organization of fellow-printers, the United Typothetæ of America, including the office of President, attests his practical devotion to the craft as well as to the art of printing. He was never in any sense an amateur of printing, though he did possess the amateur's keen interest in the newer manifestations, either to praise or blame them. But his thorough grounding in the technical details of printing made him a good workman, and his knowledge of the history of the craft enabled him to bring to that practice more than mere dexterity.

Unfortunately De Vinne worked in a time when taste in matters typographic was at a low ebb. If he was able by reason of his knowledge to avoid the worst excesses of his contemporaries, yet his work too often shows the poverty of the typographical repertory of his day, and the heritage of bad models. For instance, his use of modern roman type of thin, wiry, attenuated form, while successful in its technical mastery of the problem, leaves the resultant work cold and dead. The reprint of Moxon's "Mechanick Exercises," done by him for the Typothetæ of the City of New York, shows the preface printed in an outrageous modern roman letter. He wanted to differentiate it from Moxon's own work, which was reasonable; but the type selection was partly due to lack of good types, partly due to a deficiency in taste. So too, his book on title-pages, in the "Practice of Typography" series, would have been better if he had kept out of it those title-pages which are now, as one looks at them, quite bad, and never were good, however curious they may be.

But there remains, if we recognize these limitations in his work, a solid foundation of remarkable performance. It is always important to realize that good printing, like good drawing, or good tone masonry, depends upon a thorough mastery of the tools of the trade, and this mastery De Vinne had. He was constantly reminding those associated with him of the necessity for doing the work as well as it could be done: no expense or trouble was too great to achieve that end. As a result, the work here shown can be most profitably studied.

R.

The Wooly Whale Press

A NEW Press has lately sprung up in America having the above enigmatic name. We have received the first issues of the new venture—two well designed and admirably printed broadsides. The "first issue" of the new press is entitled "Le Chapeau Immortel," by Earl H. Emmons, and is printed in an edition of 350 copies—printed on hand-made paper on a hand-press. The Wooly Whale is to be congratulated on *not* issuing at once a new edition of the "Rubaiyat" or the "Sentimental Journey." If it can keep away from the familiar titles of new presses, and issue sheets as entertaining as these we shall look forward with delight to its publications.

R.

Announced for Publication

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF ROGER PAYNE. 175 copies. New York: The Harbor Press. $5.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL. (Extended notice in a forthcoming issue.) New York: William Edwin Rudge.

THE American Art Association sale of the nineteenth and twentieth of last month had as its most interesting items a holograph letter written by Napoleon for his mother before he was nineteen, filled with bad spelling and bad grammar; a set of Theodore Roosevelt's works in twenty-two volumes, of which thirteen contain autograph, signed inscriptions; a series of unpublished letters from Sir Walter Scott to Benjamin Rotch, Jr., together with the manuscript of Rotch's poem, "Almalenza," with marginal comments and criticisms in Scott's handwriting; and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," London, 1820, the first issue of the first edition.

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ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: For twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, five cents a word; for any less number of insertions seven cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department VO, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone Bryant 0896.

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Ten Thousand Bambis Have Been Boxed For Christmas

The Inner Sanctum's best-sellers for the holiday trade are, in the order named:

1) *Bambi, A Life in the Woods*
2) *The Art of Thinking*
3) *Cross Word Puzzle Book No. 11*
4) *The Story of Philosophy*
5) *The Technique of the Love Affair*
6) *Show Girl*

For the rest of the world, Christmas is close at hand, but for the catalogue-writing department of *The Inner Sanctum*, Spring is already here. The books that will bloom in April and May are now being fitted for their blurbs and their jackets, and the galley slaves of West Fifty-Seventh Street are battling with proofs of the works that will make the first half of 1929 the most glamorous season since 1924.

Literalists and skeptics are defied to hold this clipping until May of next year, to check *The Inner Sanctum's* prediction that the world of letters will then be acclaiming at least five or six of the following:

Wolf Solent	(POWYS)
The Mansions of Philosophy	(DURANT)
The Waters of Africa	(HORN)
Twelve Against the Gods	(BOLITHO)
The Cradle of the Deep	(LOWELL)
Eroica The Life of Beethoven	(CHOTZINOFF)

The last two paragraphs are prompted by sheer and perhaps extravagant editorial raptures, unsullied by the sordid thought of economic gain. To expect sales results from any announcement of a book four or five months in advance is [in the classic words of Don Marquis] like dropping a rose petal in the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo.

But there are a few things that get results, even in the mad roulette scramble dignified by the name of publishing. One of them is the simple strategy of putting a book like *Bambi* in a Christmas box *without* holly. The sales department conceived this unprecedented notion, and within a fortnight the deer-like leap of FELIX SALTEN's idyll of the Vienna woods became a seven-league stride. To put it statistically, the average weekly sale soared from 897 copies to 2541.

As a result of *The Inner Sanctum's* blood-curdling manifesto to the literary critics of America, *Departure*, the new novel by ROLAND DORGELES, which has sold 250,000 copies in France, received its first two reviews, one from *Books* of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and the other from a paper in Salt Lake City. The first was rated A by *The Inner Sanctum*, and the second, C—, since it merely reprinted the immoderately restrained ecstacies from the blurb.

—ESSANDESS

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THE PHOENIX NEST

HERE is word concerning an American writer most of us have forgotten, namely *Sarah Orne Jewett*. For Spring publication Houghton Mifflin have accepted a manuscript entitled "Sarah Orne Jewett," by *Francis O. Matthiessen*, who graduated from Yale eight years ago. Asked how he became interested in the life and work of Miss Jewett, the biographer gave the following explanation:

> I started reading her stories three years ago on the suggestion of the painter, *Russell Cheney*, whose three pictures of the Jewett house are among my illustrations. I was immediately impressed with the rareness of her gifts and with the fact that she had achieved a real style—an achievement not too frequent in America, you will admit. I realized that her work was practically unknown among the readers of my generation and so set out to try to do for her something similar to what *Thomas Beer* has done for *Stephen Crane*. There is this principal difference: Beer was mainly interested in portraying Crane as a personality, whereas my chief interest has been absorbed in establishing the value of Miss Jewett's books in relation to her day and ours.

We wonder whether you are as fond of *Matthew Arnold's* "Scholar Gypsy" as are we. If so, you will be glad to know that *Marjorie Nicolson* will have a most interesting paper in the Winter issue of the *Yale Review* on "The Real Scholar Gipsy," viz: *Baron Francis Mercury Van Helmont*, son of *Jean Baptiste Van Helmont*, last of the alchemists, first of the great chemists. This article is based upon researches lately made in England and is fascinating to us in its portrayal of a most unusual historical character. . . .

We have received recently a great deal of literature concerning *Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver*. We're all for him, as we have already recorded. For the matter of that we should like to see him President of the United States. He is fearless, as has been proved again and again, as honest as the day, a remarkable administrator, and far more intelligent than the average man. His Family and Juvenile Court represents one of the greatest forward steps in civilization of the age, his fight against the Klan in Colorado was splendid,—and so on; one could go on with a long list of the fine things Lindsey has done. Another proof of his character, his stamina, his sapience, his genuine humanity, is the fear and hatred he has inspired in the politicians who live off the state, in the evil-minded, in the bigoted, in the profoundly prurient. It never fails. . . .

Today (Saturday) is the last day upon which you can view *Walt Kuhn's* exhibition of drawings at Knoedler's, 14 East 57th Street. They are worth seeing. . . .

Horace Green, President of Duffield & Company has just brought back from England a manuscript by *Sir Henry Fielding Dickens*, son of the great English novelist. The son is a Bencher of the Inner Temple and will be eighty in January. He has set down his recollections of his father, not in a complete life, but in a book that will form a valuable addition to Dickensiana. . . .

Recently we vastly enjoyed hearing The English Singers at the Town Hall, in their carols and madrigals. If you did not hear them in person you can listen to their really inspired renderings on the Roycroft "Living Tone" Records, of which *William H. Wise* and Company of 50 West 47th Street are the sole distributors in New York. That is a pleasure of which you should not deprive yourselves. . . .

Miss Henrietta Jessup's book-shop is in the apartment where she makes her home, a corner one on the street level, with a private entrance. She has tried to give it a home atmosphere with old-fashioned family furniture. The books to be sold are classified and arranged on built-in bookshelves occupying the entire side of one end of the room. The lending or renting library occupies a separate bookcase. She also sells gifts, for the most part Italian pottery and of Florentine leather. The hours she has placed on her cards are from 1 to 10 P. M., but she will welcome anyone at other times. The address is the Custer Arms Apartments, 671 Palmer Avenue, Bronxville, N. Y. . . .

Everyone should buy for someone a copy of *Ted Paramore's* "The Ballad of Yukon Jake," which originally made such a tremendous hit when it appeared in *Vanity Fair* and has now been made into a book by Coward-McCann. *Donald Ogden Stewart* has called it "the greatest comic poem in America." . . .

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page 526*)

lish the identity and uniqueness of the verse of the South by the use of local color, legend, dialect, and so on, but they are no longer the slaves of a Colonel Telfair tradition, no longer the sweet acolytes of a Dixie religion. And, the editor perorates, "One may with some degree of veracity herald a sincere and genuine, conscious and yet fairly spontaneous movement in the South."

Perhaps the most striking example is the vigorous writing of John Crowe Ransom, whose name has been known for some time to attentive readers. His poem "Dead Boy" illustrates his work and the editor's thesis:

The little cousin is dead, by foul subtraction,
A green bough from Virginia's aged tree,
And neither the county kin love the transaction
Nor some of the world of outer dark, like me. . . .

The elder men have strode by the box of death
To the wide flag porch, and muttering low send round
The bruit of the day. O friendly waste of breath!
Their hearts are hurt with a deep dynastic wound. . . .

Mr. Ransom's "The Equilibrists," "Morning," and "Our Two Worthies" insure his preëminence. But there are others whose poems demand our interest and praise, Donald Davidson, DuBose Heyward, Hervey Allen. Finally, poets like Lizette Reese, Cale Young Rice, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Richard R. Kirk, Howard Mumford Jones, Roselle Montgomery perform creditably within the anthologist's limitations.

This reviewer would like to advance a casual argument with the editor on the question of section headings, some of which are "The Searching Spirit," "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting," "The Fever Called 'Living'."

Only Southern writers who have published a volume of verse since 1915 are included.

BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY AND YEAR BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY FOR 1928. Edited by *William Stanley Braithwaite*. Vinal. $4.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF CAROLS. By *Percy Dearmer, R. Vaughan Williams,* and *Martin Shaw*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

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"I don't know which page to choose. My heart is torn between the Mouse page and where St. Nick swings his reindeer across the sky. They go right to my heart. "I hope somebody gives me that picture book for Christmas." . . . . .

Angelo Patri

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